

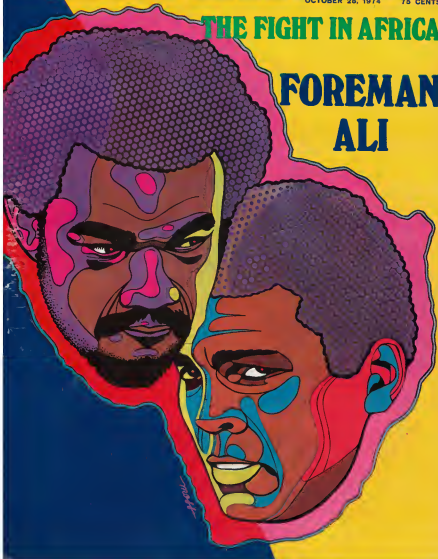
PRO BASKETBALL SPECIAL

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 28, 1974 75 CENTS

THE FIGHT IN AFRICA

**FOREMAN
ALI**





Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

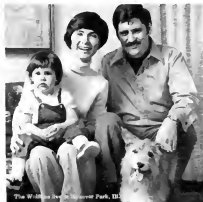


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What we did for the

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and you're 27, say...*

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15
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We move families, not just furniture.

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Next week

NO ARGUMENT that Oklahoma has one of the best football teams around. Should prohibition prevent it from claiming the national title? Ray Kennedy discusses the pros and cons.

FOR SHAMI cried some when the Utah Stars signed Moses Malone straight out of high school. The tall young man, Pat Putnam reports, seems to be learning his lessons fast.

MY WORD is gospel. Dr. Kenneth Cooper, who argues that aerobic exercise can lead to a good life, has some powerful believers. Kenzy Moore visits his plush Dallas clinic.

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ART TALK

by ROY BLOUNT

JIMINY CRICKET, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A BAIT BOX MADE OF GREEN JADE?

Your chances of seeing a show of cricket cages and other crickets' paraphernalia are apparently slight. The Asian Gallery on East 80th Street in New York claims its current exhibit (running through Oct. 26) is the first in the U.S. to feature "the unique art forms associated with the ancient Chinese sport of cricket-lighting."

I don't know much about art, but I know one form of cricket-lighting. Nearly every time I go fishing with crickets—someone turns over the tricky wire bait box, they are kept in, and in a flash everyone in the boat is covered with crickets. Fishing is relaxing but wrestling with crickets is *exercise*. My friend Veron Bell once came home from a fishing trip, sat down at the table, and a cricket hopped out of his shirt pocket into his chicken gumbo soup. The Bell's' Siamese cat Beep saw the cricket jump and went after it. A cricket can add a lot of shouting and grappling to your life.

The Chinese fought crickets, however, in the sense that the Vanderbilts race horses. According to *Insect-Mosquitoes and Cricket Chompers of China*, a 1927 pamphlet by Berthold Laufer, which Richard Ravanel of the Asian Gallery showed me, it was a peculiarity of the ancient Chinese that they "were more interested in the class of insects than in all other groups of animals combined." Hence, silk, and hence also the great enthusiasm, as early as the 10th century, for watching prized crickets fight each other in a pottery jar. As late as 1927 the sport was so big that wagering on a single cricket match in Canton might go as high as \$100,000 and a national show for winning or victorious crickets) would bring his home village as much honor as Johnny Bench brings to Bingham, Ohio.

I am not making this up. Crickets with black heads and gray body hair, Laufer says, were held to be the best fighters. Next were those with yellow heads and gray hair. The trapper of a first-class cricket would keep the temperature in its cage just right. If the crickets' misadventure started to droop, it was too warm. Fighting crickets were fed rice mixed with fresh cucumbers, boiled chestnuts, lotus-seeds and mosquitoes. Sometimes a cricket fancier would allow himself to be bitten by mosquitoes, which he would then feed to his cricket. When time for a fight drew near, the cricket might be deprived of food for a while, until its movements became slow, whereupon it would be fed small red insects

in water. A cricket enthusiast might carry a caged favorite around in his breast pocket so that the fighter could keep warm and all the world could hear it sing. A strong chirping voice was an attribute of the best cricket gladiators.

How it was possible for more than a few fans to watch a big cricket bout Laufer does not explain, but the event would take place in a demijohn-sized jar placed in the middle of a public square. Opponents were matched according to size, weight and color. Before each set-to they were carefully weighed on a pair of tiny scales.

Crickets are natural fighters in defense of their own turf, but in the ring, or rather the jar, they had to be provoked. The referee, using a device made of hare or rat whiskers inserted into a reed or bone handle, would twiddle first the contestants' heads, then the ends of their tails and finally their large hind legs. Then the crickets would stretch out their antennae and jump at each other's heads. An antenna would break off, then a leg. Usually the struggle would end in the death of one fighter; often the winner would manage to land with its full weight on the other's body and sever its head.

The sport has died out, at least on the mainland, since the revolution banned gambling, who wants to watch crickets fight if you can't bet on them? But in the old days emperors and other high officials put a lot of money and artistry into cricket cages and accessories, and these are the objects that the Asian Gallery is showing. In winter the crickets were kept in cages made of gourds that were about the size of a swallow. The beauty of these cages resides in their perforated tops and in the designs on the gourds themselves. The caps were carved into flowers or dragons or intricate swirling tangles, from sandalwood, elephant or walrus ivory, coconut shell, green jade, white jade, ebony, bamboo or tortoise shell. Some of the designs on the bodies of the cages were etched, but most were raised. Motifs with inner indentations were fashioned around gourds while they were still on the stalk, so that the gourds would grow into patterns.

Some of these gourd cages were exquisite antiques, and more interesting to explain to guests than, say, a Tiffany lamp. Their prices range from \$250 to \$550, and the gallery will continue to sell the objects after the exhibit closes. Ravanel implied that he might well throw in one of the cricket ticklers, cricket water bowls, cricket beds (single), porcelain cricket-bowl scorecards or hard-to-describe small decorative items (apparently trophies or memorials to cricket champions) that are also part of the collection. Another interesting piece is a sash worn by a cricket-fight referee. Evidently, judging from the size of this sash, the referee was a man. I had hoped he was a field mouse.

END

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MOVIETALK

by FRANK DEFORD

WHAT ARE THE ODDS THAT YOU WILL LIKE THE GAMBLER? EVEN

Alcoholics, drug addicts and other emotionally disturbed staples have been regularly presented for our edification on the screen, so it is high time that their deluded cousin, the obsessive bettor, got his day in the sun. A new film, *The Gambler*, provides us with a compelling characterization of the title figure played by James Caan—even if the whole work fails to cover the spread.

The screenplay is by James Toback, a young New York Jewish professor who has been known to place a bet, while Caan portrays Axel, a young New York Jewish professor. But Axel is not a gambler—not really any more than F. Scott Fitzgerald was a social drinker. So the title is somewhat misleading as well as a rip-off of Dostoevsky's *Axel*, if not altogether depraved, is, at best, in a state of anomie. The movie's ending even suggests that the gambling is incidental, that Axel has become a marionette in every phase of his life. A much better definition of the gambler comes earlier when Axel explains, "I like the uncertainty—the threat of losing." The movie is as joyless as this line suggests. Perhaps Dostoevsky would approve.

Both Toback and Caan have been involved with sporting themes before. Caan played the dying Brian Piccolo, struggling his best against a hand-me-down *Five Stars* script, while Toback wrote an embarrassing little poem to Jim Brown. Happily, Toback was able to extract his pen from that tangle, and in *Axel* he has created a character both appealing and pathetic—and Caan has played just the right anti-hero chords.

Unfortunately, the bookie, Hips, is the only other character of substance, and he succeeds probably because he is an appendage to Axel, the fly side of a sick symbiotic relationship. The other characters are lost, their unintended disappearance hastened by dialogue that is banal or painfully melodramatic. Toback writes in a sort of neo-Diogenes style—with heavy, forced closers to scenes. Too bad that this telling portrayal had to be marred by such affectation, and gimmicky flashbacks, too.

Will *The Gambler* save betting souls? Gamblers Anonymous had placards posted in the theater where I saw the movie, and you won't believe this, but I swear I'm not putting you on, a man in front of me waited for the film to begin by marking the day's *Racing Form*. Perhaps Saturday's point spreads could be flushed on the screen in lieu of selected short subjects.

END



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boot camp?"

FICTION: "Join the Marines, and kiss your education goodbye."

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FICTION: "*If the Army and the Navy ever gaze on Heaven's scenes, they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines.*"

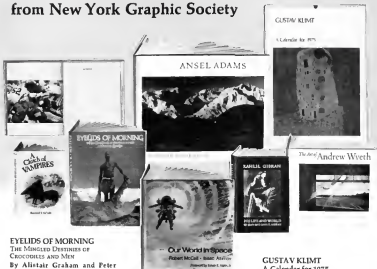
FACT: While the above lines from *The Marines' Hymn* have not been verified in fact, they were officially authorized by the Commandant of the Marine Corps in 1929, and have never been successfully challenged by members of any other service in the presence of one or more Marines.

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But I kept trying. Guess I enjoyed smoking too much.

That's when I ran across Vantage. And what do you know. It tasted like a cigarette.

Now Vantage wasn't the lowest in 'tar' and nicotine. It didn't claim to be. Just the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette that still gave me the full tobacco taste I'd missed.

Maybe it's the Vantage filter. Frankly I don't know, and I don't care.

I just know I can cut down on 'tar' and nicotine. Without cutting out the flavor.

Now I don't have to make any excuses for smoking. Not since they made Vantage.

Maybe you'll feel the same way.

Lou Bryant
Los Bravos, New York, New York



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter. 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. Menthol. 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '74.



1906: \$20,000 of life insurance cost \$268. Today, we've got it down to \$104.

We're as aware of the high cost of things as you are. We're doing something about it. We pioneered term insurance. Since 1906, we've been driving the price of our life insurance down.

Back in those days, the annual premium on our \$20,000 five-year term policy was \$268. This was for a man 35 years old.

Today, \$268 buys him \$57,000.

Our agents specialize in term insurance. They know how to save you money.

And they help out in other ways, too. Like J.G. "Bud" Blake, our agent in Kansas.

City. For years, Bud has captained his office building's American Cancer Crusade. It's a small building, yet through Bud's efforts, its occupants consistently come up with one of Kansas City's largest contributions.

We're not surprised. Bud is also one of our leading producers. Look for our agents in the Yellow Pages.

They can save you some real money. Occidental Life Occidental Center, Los Angeles, California 90061.

Occidental Life
of California

A Member of
The Occidental Life Group



THE LEAD-FREE AGE OFFICIALLY BEGINS WITH THE 1975 CARS AND THIS NOZZLE.



Chevrolet Corvette



Oldsmobile 98 Regency



Mercedes-Benz



Mercury Capri



Ford Gran Torino



Cadillac Fleetwood Eldorado Convertible



Oldsmobile Omega

Buick Regal



Ford Mustang



Buick Limited



Chevrolet Vega Karmannbeck



Mercury Montego



Pontiac Grand Am



Buick Apollo

SEE MORE NEW CAR MODELS ON NEXT PAGE ➡



AMOCO: THE LEAD-FREE LEADER

MOST 1975 GM, FORD, CHRYSLER AND AMC CARS MUST USE LEAD-FREE GASOLINE.

After years of talk, the lead-free age is finally here. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has ruled that car makers must reduce carbon monoxide emissions by 83%, and hydrocarbon emissions by 90% in their 1975 models from the uncontrolled levels of 1960.

To meet these requirements, most '75 model cars (including many foreign cars) are equipped with a catalytic converter that changes harmful exhaust gases into harmless carbon dioxide and water vapor. But since

lead particles will "poison" the converter, every '75 car that has one must use lead-free gasoline exclusively.

In terms of mileage, car makers claim you'll get better mileage with the '75 cars compared to the '73 and '74 models. GM says as much as 13% better, by shifting some of the "cleaning chores" to the catalytic converter. Engines have been recalibrated for lower idling speeds, quicker warm-ups, and smoother overall performance.



To make the Lead-Free Age work, the government can impose fines up to \$10,000 a day for violations:

1. FAILING TO HAVE A LEAD-FREE GAS PUMP

Federal law requires that all stations that have pumped over 200,000 gallons of gas during any calendar year since 1971 must offer at least one grade of lead-free gas effective July 1, 1974. In addition, it is proposed that all stations in counties where population density is less than 50 persons per square mile will have to offer unleaded gasoline if they sold at least 150,000 gallons of gas in 1971 or later.

2. FAILING TO HAVE THE PROPER SIZE PUMP NOZZLE SPOUT.

The nozzle spout for dispensing lead-free gas must not exceed 0.84 inches in diameter—about the size of a nickel. Most '75 cars will have a smaller gas tank fill pipe which will only permit entry of this smaller special lead-free gasoline spout.

Spouts on pump nozzles dispensing leaded gasoline cannot be less than 0.93 inches in diameter—about the size of a quarter. This will help prevent leaded gasoline from being put into '75 cars designed for lead-free gasoline only.

3. FAILING TO HAVE THE PROPER PUMP DECAL.

FEDERAL LAW PROHIBITS THE INTRODUCTION OF ANY GASOLINE CONTAINING LEAD OR PHOSPHORUS INTO ANY MOTOR VEHICLE LABELED "UNLEADED GASOLINE ONLY"

This special decal must be prominently and conspicuously displayed in the immediate area of each gasoline pump stand.

4. PUTTING LEADED GAS INTO 1975 LEAD-FREE CARS.

UNLEADED GASOLINE ONLY

No service station retailer shall introduce or cause to allow the introduction of leaded gasoline into any motor vehicle which has the above label near the gas tank cap. An identical label will be placed on the dashboard.

How we keep our Amoco lead-free gasoline lead-free.

Government regulations also specify that lead-free gas must not have more than 0.05 grams of lead per gallon. Since trace amounts of lead can be picked up in the transportation and distribution system, we specify that Amoco® lead-free gasoline must not contain more than 0.01 grams of lead per gallon at our refineries.

We also check the lead level at intermediate storage points, and finally at the service station itself.



AMOCO QUALITY CONTROL VAN

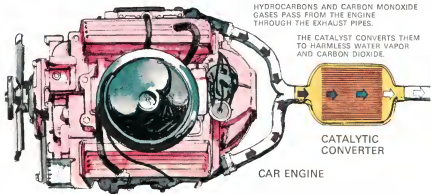
This final check is made by the Amoco Quality Control Patrol—a fleet of lab-equipped vans that make unannounced service station visits.

The federal government will also check lead levels at service stations, using vans patterned after the Amoco Quality Control Patrol system. These programs make doubly sure that gasoline containing harmful lead contaminants will not enter your car's fuel system and ruin the catalytic converter.



AMOCO: THE LEAD-FREE LEADER

HOW THE CATALYTIC WHY IT WORKS ONLY



THE PROBLEM: POLLUTION.

A typical car without pollution control devices traveling under city driving conditions emits a pound and a half of hydrocarbons (unburned gasoline), and ten pounds of carbon monoxide every 50 miles.

When the hydrocarbons mix with the air, they create harmful smog. And carbon monoxide is a toxic fume. Its normal conversion to harmless carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is very slow, and may take weeks.

SOLUTION: THE CATALYTIC CONVERTER.

The solution to the problem is to rapidly convert the hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide into harmless water vapor and carbon dioxide, before they leave the car.

The catalytic converter uses heat and a catalyst to greatly speed up the chemical reaction that converts pollutants to harmless substances. A conversion process that takes a fraction of a second, rather than weeks.

The catalyst that all 1975 U.S. cars will use contains platinum and palladium—the same expensive metals found in fine jewelry. Approximately one-tenth of an ounce of these two catalytically active metals is all it

takes. But they must be spread out in a very thin layer to do the job. Which means they need some type of support.

Some catalytic converters contain a ceramic honeycomb support coated with the two metals. Others will contain the catalyst in the form of small porous beads. The reason: an enormous surface area is needed for the exhaust gases to come in contact with the platinum/palladium metals. It's hard to believe, but the surface area of the catalyst may be as large as 59 football fields.

So the catalytic converter is simply the platinum/palladium catalyst, protected by a metal casing, attached to the exhaust pipe coming out of the engine. Car makers will use different supports and shapes, but they'll all do the same job.

HOW THE CATALYTIC CONVERTER ACTUALLY WORKS.

When the exhaust gases leave the engine and pass over the catalyst, a chemical reaction occurs which raises the gas temperature inside the converter to about 1,200°F., and converts the hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide into water vapor and carbon dioxide—the gas that makes the bubbles in soda pop.

They're discharged harmlessly through the muffler and out the tailpipe, along with a very small trace of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide.

CONVERTER WORKS, WITH LEAD-FREE GAS.



MUFFLER

THE HARMLESS WATER VAPOR AND CARBON DIOXIDE ARE THEN DISCHARGED THROUGH THE MUFFLER AND OUT OF THE TAILPIPE

2 WAYS TO PROTECT THE LIFE OF YOUR CATALYTIC CONVERTER.

Federal law requires that car makers design their catalytic converters to last 50,000 miles. Here's how to make sure yours does.

1. NEVER USE LEADED GAS.

Lead actually poisons the catalyst. When lead comes in contact with the thin layer of platinum/palladium metals, it deactivates them. And they will no longer do their job.

Use of leaded gasoline will ruin the catalyst, and the catalytic converter will have to be replaced to reduce emissions to the desired levels. The replacement cost may be anywhere between \$50 and \$100.



"Live" catalyst converts harmful gases into harmless water vapor and carbon dioxide.



"Dead" catalyst, poisoned by lead, permits carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons to be emitted.

2. KEEP YOUR CAR TUNED PROPERLY.

Although catalysts can withstand internal temperatures of 1,200°F., they can be ruined if they're overheated to over 2,300°F. As shown at right, the catalyst and the support fuse together under this extreme heat. And become deactivated. Once this happens, the converter will have to be replaced to reduce emissions to the desired levels.

This fusion can happen if one or more spark plugs fail to perform, sending an excess amount of unburned gasoline into the converter. So it's important to keep your new car with a catalytic converter tuned according to manufacturer's recommendations.



"Dead" catalyst, melted by excessive heat, also permits harmful gases to be emitted.

READ WHY AMOCO IS THE LEAD-FREE LEADER ON NEXT PAGE ➡



AMOCO: THE LEAD-FREE LEADER

Lead-Free Amoco gasoline is right for most cars made since 1971.



Most cars made since 1971 are designed to run on low octane gasoline. And Amoco lead-free gasoline offers you other advantages in addition to removing harmful pollutants from the air.

Tests with cars in everyday driving showed that compared to fully leaded gasoline, lead-free actually doubled the life of spark plugs. These same tests also showed that lead-free can double the life of mufflers and tailpipes, compared to fully leaded gasoline.

Our company has been offering lead-free gasoline in the East and South since 1915, and in the Mid-West since 1970. During

those years we've developed a loyal following of customers for lead-free.

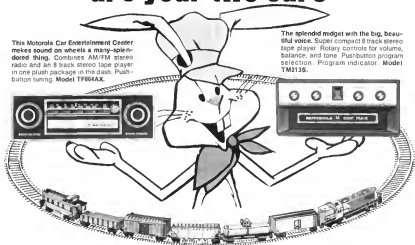
Over the past 25 years motorists have bought more lead-free gasoline from us than all other oil companies combined. We believe we know more about it than anyone else. Customers have recognized us as the lead-free leader, because that's what we've been.

We suggest you try a tankful of lead-free gasoline. Not only will you help reduce pollution, but you'll also be taking the first step to reduce your car's maintenance costs as well.

The two greatest Motorola car stereo salesmen are your two ears

This Motorola Car Entertainment Center makes sound on wheels a many-splendored thing. Combines AM/FM stereo radio and an 8 track stereo tape player in one plush package in the dash. Push-button tuning. Model TF664AX.

The splendid midget with the big, beautiful voice. Super compact 8 track stereo tape player. Rotary controls for volume, balance, and tone. Pushbutton program selection. Program indicator. Model TM213S.



**Lend them to a participating Motorola dealer
and he'll give you a chance to buy a
\$550* HO Scale Electric Train Set for \$19.99!**

It's easy enough for us to say that Motorola is something else in sound on wheels, but don't buy a car stereo on our say-so or anybody else's.

Buy it on ear say. Give your own two ears a chance to sell you a Motorola car stereo. We're so sure you'll like the listening, that any participating Motorola dealer will give you an exciting opportunity just for coming in and giving a listen to a Motorola car tape player.

Fact is, he'll give you a coupon that gives you the right to buy a 68-piece (includes diesel engine, six cars and assorted accessories) HO Scale Elec-

tric Train set all ready to set up, plug in and run... a set priced at \$55.00*... for just \$19.99, mailed prepaid to your home. That's just for coming in and giving your ears a chance to sell you a Motorola car stereo.

Do you think we'd do that if we weren't awfully sure that what you'll hear will blow your mind?

*If pieces purchased individually from manufacturer's catalog



MOTOROLA®
SOMETHING ELSE in sound on wheels

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

DR. PEALS, WHERE ARE YOU?

The practice had been going on—and hardly causing a stir—since the mid-1960s in certain Louisville high schools until Jim Bolus and Larry Barnes broke the story in the *Courier-Journal*. Reaction was immediate, and heated.

To embarrass boys who quit their football teams, the schools instituted a "Hall of Shame." At Trinity High, a quitter's name tape was taken off his locker and pasted on a Hall of Shame board and team members were strongly encouraged to give him the big go-by socially. This season, one boy who quit the St. Xavier High team finally transferred to another school because of the harassment.

Jim Kennedy, now an assistant at the University of Louisville but coach at Trinity when the first H of S board was raised, termed the treatment of the reluctant players "negative motivation," and credited this with being one of the reasons why Trinity rose from being an also-ran to one of the state's leading high school powers. Opposed parents and educators are positive the same results could have been obtained by eliminating the negative. We're with them.

CHAMP FOLLOWER

While Muhammad Ali stirs up the Zairean countryside for support in his upcoming fight in Kinshasa, a startling defection has occurred in his own camp. His wife Belinda is wearing a George Foreman button on her purse, and has sent the heavyweight champion an autographed picture of herself addressed to "Sweet Brother." Foreman turns out to be very high on her list of idols, which includes, by her count, Jim Brown, Roberto Flack, Sammy Davis Jr., Gladys Knight and the Pips, the Temptations, Bruce Lee and Jim Kelly, who is a black karate champion. As himself does not qualify for the list.

"You can't put a husband on a list like that," Belinda says. "It's only for idols."

"Does Ali approve of your carrying around a Foreman button?"

"No. But if he can have his idols—Sugar Ray Robinson and Jack Johnson and the others—then I can have mine. I don't like George only as a fighter. As a person he's tops. I met him for five minutes in the Madtown Motel in New York while he was talking boxing with Ali."

"Whom will you root for at the fight?"

"I don't like fighting, period. I don't want Ali to be hurt. I don't want George to be hurt. I won't cheer for one or the other."

Belinda expresses her views with considerable self-assurance. She is, after all, something of a karate student herself.

WING BIRD

As pigeons go, Hot Rod is not your everyday cooer content to sit on the hat of General Sherman. His thing is motorcycles. Show him one gunning along the roads of Prince George County, Va. and instantly he is flying formation. He joined cyclist George Eberhardt one day this June and has been a fairly constant companion ever since.



"He's a crazy bird," Eberhardt says of the purple and white demon. "Sometimes he flies under the handlebars and heads straight for oncoming cars at 45 miles an hour! He pulls up just before getting killed. Other times he flies right alongside, eyeball to eyeball, never taking his beady red eyes off you."

There are some things Hot Rod will not do. He will not follow Eberhardt when he takes his car instead of the cycle, and there are certain cyclists he will not follow. Probably not dicey enough.

ERASING AN ASTERISK

The greatest base stealer of all time is not Lou Brock or Ty Cobb but William R. Hamilton, better known as Billy. You could look it up, as James Thurber once wrote.

But could you? *The Book of Baseball Records* credits Hamilton, who played from 1888 to 1901 for Kansas City, Philadelphia and Boston, with 937 stolen bases. The book does not tell how the bases were stolen. Before 1898, a player earned a steal not only in the traditional way but also by taking an extra base on a hit—i.e., reaching third from first on a single—or on an out, a fly ball for instance.

We will never know how many of those other steals Hamilton was credited with, but maybe Brock will make the whole business academic. During the last 10 years he has averaged 67 steals a season, including the record-smashing 118 of this year. Should he maintain the pace, and at 35 he shows no signs of slowing down, he will slip by Hamilton sometime in August of 1977, five months after passing Cobb's modern record of 892.

WAY TO GO

Call it gamesmanship, one-upmanship or psyching, it is all the same thing says Robert M. Nideffer—pressure. A clinical psychologist at the University of Rochester, Nideffer says pressure is present in almost all sports and that the one good antidote is psyching down. The trouble is, he told Douglas S. Looney of *The National Observer*, most athletes psych themselves up, and "all this rah-rah stuff is generally bad. Nine times out of 10, the arousal technique generates pressure, and performance suffers."

Psyching down is a matter of relaxing. The question is, how? Nideffer has these suggestions that seem worth trying. They may just help you sink the winning putt on the 18th green, or beat the boss once

continued

WHICH COLOR TV REQUIRED LESS SERVICE IN 1973?



RCA



GENERAL ELECTRIC



ZENITH

In 1973, independent surveys* of recent color TV buyers showed that General Electric color required less service than any other U.S. brand. Not merely an opinion poll, this was a survey of actual TV owners. People like you, who expect the most in reliable TV performance for their money.

To get the kind of picture you expect for your money, go into a store and compare pictures. Ours against any other set.

The best way we know to buy color TV is to compare performance.

To help you compare, get GE's booklet, "How to Buy Color TV in Plain English." For the store nearest you, where you can pick it up free, call this special toll-free number anytime 800-243-6000. Dial as you normally dial long distance. (In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.)

PERFORMANCE TELEVISION

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

*Data furnished by Consumers
TV Receiver Products Dept. Portsmouth, NH

on-one at the company picnic for look for a new job):

Twice a day for 10 minutes, relax the muscles in your forearms, then the biceps, triceps, face, jaw, forehead, neck and shoulders. Breathe slowly. Now rehearse a forthcoming activity—say your backhand before a tennis match. Finally, take a deep breath again and stretch.

Monitor your own feelings and thoughts, your strengths and weaknesses, then work on controlling how you think and feel.

Be open-minded in dealing with pressure. Admit that it is there, think about it, talk to friends about it.

During the contest, do not think of winning or losing, but concentrate on your execution and skills.

Try not to expect perfection.

All of which sounds sensible. Even if you don't win, you're going to feel better losing.

TEAM FOR THE BETTER

A second or so after his drive off the 4th tee at the JDM Country Club in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., Jack D. Hill heard a dull thud. He looked up just in time to see a sea gull fluttering to the turf, mortally wounded. Hill finished the hole one over par and was still shaking when the obvious thought hit him: he had gotten a bird and a bogey on the same hole.

WINTERSEY

Ruminating over the long months ahead between the A's final 3-2 World Series win and 1975 spring training, *The New Yorker* magazine's Roger Angell and a dinner party of baseball writers played a new game last week. The object is to create a situation that is explained by a baseball cliché. Ready?

Edsel Ford was touring the plant in Detroit when he accidentally fell into the assembly line and disappeared. What happened to him? asks the cliché player. Answer: He came through in the clutch.

Try this one about the drunk who has been going at it all night and is riding a terrific high. He steps out of the bar at 8 a.m. and immediately gets depressed. What happened? Lost it in the sun. Or this one, about the two Easter bunnies from the Deep South discussing one's ailing foot. "I stepped on a tack," the injured bunny says. "How do you know that?" asks the other. "I fielded it on the short hop."

What was Clark Gable doing in *Mo-*

tay on the Beach that so enraged Charles Laughton? Swinging on deck. What happened when the bulldozers appeared and the old lady who was the last holdout on land that would be a future baseball park refused to budge? They ground 'er into left field.

Cheer up. It will be March before you know it.

THE BAD BACK EIGHT

Going into the season, the National Football League had nine new rules and high hopes of enlivened offensive action. The effects on the game, however, have not been dramatic. They could be, though, says New England Patriot Quarterback Jim Plunkett, if the league would adopt one more new rule: make the four-man defensive line mandatory.

The problem, as Plunkett reads it over his center's shoulder, is finding a man free to throw to against the three-man rush, eight-man pass coverage favored by most of today's teams. "Theoretically, there are five receivers," he told the *Los Angeles Times*' Bob Oates, "but usually you have to keep one back in as a blocker, and that leaves four receivers against eight defensive backs." Most teams, he says, find it impossible to throw anything but dink passes into the 3-8, and not many of those. "Balanced offense is something you don't see much of anymore. There are a lot of runs because of the three-man line and a few passes but almost no long passes."

It does not help to keep running backs in the backfield as blockers, says Plunkett. Even with more time to throw, the quarterback has only three receivers to pass to, one of whom is being double-teamed, the other two triple-teamed. Plunkett concedes that stronger teams like Los Angeles and Minnesota continue to use the front four but he considers them exceptional. "I think most coaches are coming to the opinion that it's easier to find four 230-pound linebackers than four 270-pound defensive linemen. The three-man line is here to stay unless something is done about it."

TAKE IT

The New York Jets, like other professional teams, solve the problem of finding temporary housing for their athletes by asking viewers and listeners to supply leads. Here is the reply to one such request.

"I just received permission from my

parents to write you that we can have two or three N.Y. Jets stay at our house for the season. . . . It doesn't matter who you send, but my mother would prefer Joe Namath. My dad would like Rich Caster and my dog and I would like the flea, Eddie Bell. . . .

"My mother is a good cook, my father is a good handyman and I'm a good football player, so I can help them practice in the yard."

Sounds too good to turn down.

THE SHARK HAS PRETTY EARS, DEAR

An effective shark repellent has eluded marine scientists for years. Poisons were a flop and attacks on the brutish marauders' sense of smell rated no better than a passing snuff. But now there is some reason to hope that sound and music, which in the past have been used to attract sharks, may shoo them away.

Theo Brown, an Australian whose book describing his life with sharks will be published next spring by Little, Brown & Co., found that he became the instant life of a shark party when he played the even rhythms of waltzes underwater. Fox trots were popular, too, but when he spun a Beatles tune for a White Shark it was Tootsie, Goodbye. The fish exploded in a frenzy and sped off, never to return.

Another who has been working on sharks' aural preferences is Arthur Myrberg of the University of Miami. He has discovered certain low-frequency sounds that both attract and repel them. Further study, he feels, might refine the sounds into components that either attract or repel but do not do both. The Beatles' *Help!* may be the very thing.

THEY SAID IT

• MacArthur Lane, Green Bay Packers running back, on the imaginative onslaughts of Dick Butkus: "One time he bit me. Another time he tried to break my ankle. Another time he tried to crack my leg. Nothing happened. I guess maybe my leg was too green."

• Clint Murchison, Dallas Cowboys owner, asked if he would try to sign World Football League players: "If the WFL succeeds, I'm not going after their players. I want to sign the accountants."
• Fran Curci, University of Kentucky football coach, in the weekly UK football letter: "Both teams used basically the same offense, which is based on having the ball."

END

★ The ★ winner



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stripes

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"shock
absorbers"

thick,
tough
rubber
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Built by CONVERSE. Just for SEARS.

Low Cuts and High Tops. At larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores. And in the catalog.



TRIPLE CROWN TO THE CLOWNS

Harlequins the gaudy A's may have seemed, but they pounced on Dodger errors and lit Series fireworks a third straight time
by RON FIMRITE

Must the Oakland A's forever endure the melancholy fate of the clown who longs to be taken seriously? Or is it time now to look beyond the harlequin pose and see the A's for what they have become—one of the finest baseball teams of the past half century?

By demolishing the Los Angeles Dodgers in five games, the A's last week became only the third team in history and the first not wearing New York Yankee uniforms to win as many as three consecutive World Series. The Yankees won five straight from 1949 to 1953 and four straight from 1936 to 1939, but if the A's can avoid tearing themselves asunder in civil warfare, even these extraordinary achievements are within reach.

And yet, for reasons not entirely of their own device, the A's are seen by many fans as career funnymen who, in the manner of The Three Stooges, are mainly intent upon rapping pates. The A's do have truculent moments. This past season they led the major leagues in clubhouse punchups and they seem constantly to be wrangling either among themselves or with their owner, the megalomaniacal Charles O. Finley, whose toy the team is. The A's also wear funny clothes and they play in a city about which a former resident, Gertrude Stein, once said, "There is no there there."

There was a there there last week, though, and the A's were responsible for filling the void. Pouncing on every Dodger mistake, they won all three games in the Oakland Coliseum and saved themselves the inconvenience of traveling south for the weekend. The Dodgers, who hit .272 during the season, hit .228 against the A's superior pitching and only once scored more than twice—in their sole victory, the Series' second game. The loser in each of the games scored only two runs, and four of the five scores were 3-2, which is a measure of the sort of pitching that characterized this World Series.

The teams were closely matched, save for the A's almost uncanny ability to convert an opponent's slightest error, mental or physical, to their advantage. Thus, ultimately, separates champions from almost-champions.

Dodger Manager Walter Alton had said before the Series began that if his fine young team had one flaw it was defense. The Dodgers were capable of making the difficult plays, but they were also capable of botching

continued



Oakland's Ben Randa uncalls from the lap that left red-hot Buckner out in the cold at third base and ripped a last-gasp Dodger rally shorting in Game 5.

the easy ones. A team with the A's in-stinct for the jugular could ask for no more. Indeed, in each of the climactic games in the East Bay, a Dodger botch, though seemingly trivial at the time, led to disaster. The A's, meanwhile, were converting base hits into double plays, which is *their* style.

The final three games of the California Series were played in some sort of weather inversion. October, with rare exception, is a balmy, clear-skied month in the San Francisco Bay area. Last week was not balmy; it was hot—in the 90s in some communities. It was not clear, it was smoggy. This was August in Los Angeles, not October in Oakland. The brownish air, the windless skies, the stifling heat should have made the Dodgers feel right at home, whereas the A's should have choked on the strange vapors.

"I wish the damn Dodgers would leave," a San Franciscan muttered one day over his beer in the Templebar, "so we can get our weather back."

But not even Mother Nature can repress the A's. They played in these conditions as skillfully as if their natural habitat had been Chavez Ravine, not the flatlands alongside the Nimitz Freeway.

With game-time temperatures in the 80s—game time being 5:30 p.m. as a convenience for Eastern television audiences—the A's quickly applied the heat to their Southern neighbors. What finally brought the Dodgers down, though, was the heat they inadvertently applied to themselves through errors.

In the first of the three games, an error by Dodger Catcher Joe Ferguson on a third-inning fumble of a hopper in front of the plate led directly to the A's first two runs. Ferguson made another error in the fourth, missing a throw from center field, after the A's had scored their third run. The irony is that Ferguson had been a defensive hero playing right field in the first two Series games. For their part, the A's choked off Dodger rallies with double plays in the fourth, eighth and ninth, the last one ending the game. Dick Green, the fielding star of the Series, participated in all three, tying a record for second basemen. The Dodgers' runs came on homers by Bill Buckner and Willie Crawford off Starter Jim (Catfish) Hunter and Reliever Rolfie Fingers.

The only bug routine of the entire Series was set in motion by yet another Dodger miscue. In the sixth inning of



Dick Green watches as Bert Campaneris completes the bamd 4-ending double play he began.

the penultimate game Oakland's Bill North led off with a walk. North stole 54 bases during the regular season, so Dodger Pitcher Andy Messersmith, protecting a 2-1 lead, was anxious—too anxious, it developed—to make certain that he did not advance into scoring position through further thievery. After a number of uneventful tosses to First Baseman Steve Garvey, Messersmith finally threw the ball away and North hurried to second. He scored from there when Sal Bando blooped a single to right field. Suddenly the A's were off to a four-run inning and a 5-2 victory. This game also ended with a double play, the result of a sensational diving catch and hasty feed to second by the acrobatic Green.

It was 81° when the fifth and final game of the Series started, but the skies were returning to their traditional blue and the clouds were pinkened by the late-afternoon sun, not browned by impurities. The weather seemed to be on its way home, taking the Dodgers with it.

In the first inning, North, on base after forcing leadoff hitter Bert Campaneris, attempted to steal. Steve Yeager, catching this night for Los Angeles, threw hard to intercept him. The ball sailed untouched into center field and North pressed on to third. He scored from there when Bando, patiently fouling off pitches he could not hit solidly, finally found one he could send and sent a long sacrifice fly to left.

In the second inning, Ray Fosse, a .196 hitter in the regular season, stroked a line-drive homer to left for a 2-0 A's lead. But the Dodgers tied the score in the sixth on a sacrifice fly by Wynn and a single by Garvey, the noblest Dodger of them all and the leading hitter (.381)

among Series regulars. The A's now had to wait for another mistake or two. It was not a long wait.

As Dodger Leftfielder Buckner assumed his position for the bottom of the seventh inning, he became a target for debris-throwing rowdies in the Coliseum's left-field bleachers. Buckner had annoyed Oakland fans earlier in the week by comparing the A's unfavorably with such National League also-rans as the Pirates and the Reds. Now in retaliation, if it can be assumed that Buckner's assailants were sufficiently literate to read his remarks, the fans were pelting him from on high with garbage, Frisbees, even whiskey bottles. The start of the inning was therefore delayed while the field was cleared. Ordinarily when such a delay occurs, a pitcher will continue warming up. But the Dodger pitcher on this occasion was the academician, Mike Marshall, and nothing Marshall does is ordinary. Instead of tossing a few warm-up pitches, Marshall devoted these leisure moments to declaiming on the vulgarity of Oakland spectators to Buckner and the umpires.

Joe Rudi, a thinking man's hitter, observed all this and, reasoning that Marshall's arm would not be warm, concluded that the pitcher would eschew a breaking pitch in the hope of sneaking a fastball past him. Rudi was ready. He belted Marshall's first pitch, a not-so-sneaky fastball, into those noxious bleachers, and the 1974 baseball season was, for all practical purposes, over.

Buckner was an even more direct participant in the final Dodger boo-boo of the year. Leading off the eighth he singled to center and when the ball skipped past the lunging North for an error, he tried to advance all the way to third. It

proved a foolish gamble as Reggie Jackson, hacking up North, threw to Green, who relayed the ball perfectly to Bando for the out. Instead of a man on second with nobody out and sluggers Wynn, Garvey and Ferguson coming up, the Dodgers now had no one on with one out. That finished them. They are a young, relatively inexperienced but powerful and aggressive team, and they will be back. But in this Series they played directly into the hands of the opportunistic A's.

"We wait for the door to open," said Jackson in the clubhouse afterward. "And when it does, we go through."

Any of a number of A's could have been named the Most Valuable Player, but the honor finally fell to the industrious Fingers, who pitched in all four Oakland victories and saved the final one for winning Pitcher John (Blue Moon) Odum, his opponent in a clubhouse scrap only six days before.

If for no other reason, the Series was memorable in that the A's players finally upstaged their boss. Not that Finley went unobserved: He was sued by Mike

Andrews, the martyr of the 1973 Series, charged with contractual violations by Hunter and accused by First Baseman Gene Tenace of using Manager Alvin Dark as a puppet—not an entirely unfamiliar indictment.

Still, Finley did his best to dance his way into our hearts. He welcomed as a Series teammate Lucianne Buchanan, the incumbent Miss California. During the first game in Oakland it was solemnly announced to the multitudes over the Coliseum public-address system that Charlie O. would shortly be telephoning President Ford to ask him to throw out the first ball at either of the next two games. The phone was clearly visible resting in front of Finley on the roof of the Oakland dugout. The white-haired, green-jacketed owner seemed puffed up with importance. Newsmen were later advised that because of the press of business, the President had asked for a rain check.

But Charlie O.'s quest for a first-bull-toss was not that easily sidetracked. Minutes later, the reporters were told over the press speaker system that Finley had urged Richard M. Nixon to come

out of retirement and handle the first-ball chores. Nixon, as is his wont lately, "regretfully declined because of health reasons." Finley had managed to develop ordinary tustlessness into something transcendental.

He also called a melodramatic team meeting before the fourth game, at which nothing more consequential than Buckner's unkind appraisal of the A's was on the agenda. Snapped Jackson, "I don't need no pre-game dump to rev me up."

True, the A's are self-starters. They were under tough Dick Williams and they are under God-fearing Alvin Dark, who herded them through the playoffs and World Series quicker than the more renowned Williams ever did. When asked what the essence of the team is, Bando replied without hesitation, "Character. We have a nucleus of guys who give 100% of the time. These are people who are not just satisfied with making a big salary. They want more than that. They want to win."

It is a pity that such stalwarts should so continually be subjected to embarrassment, either by their owner's actions or their own. As true champions, they deserve better, although it is difficult to perceive where they will get it. They seem destined to wear the cap and bells.

Rumors have persisted almost since Finley's arrival in Oakland six years ago that he would soon leave the Bay Area baseball market to the San Francisco Giants and transfer his franchise to a more receptive community—New Orleans, perhaps, or Toronto, Seattle or Washington, D.C. The rumors were revived virtually on the eve of the Series, prompting a familiar denial by Robert T. Nabas, president of Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, Inc., the nonprofit corporation that manages the hall park.

"In order to assure the fans and press of the stability of the franchise in Oakland," said Nabas, "we want to repeat that our long-term lease with Mr. Finley started on the first day of April 1968 and continues through the last day of the 1987 baseball season."

Jackson, Bando, Rudi, North, Campaneris, Hunter, Blue, Holzman, Fingers and the rest may be a bit long in the tooth by 1987 and their manager might well be Tatum O'Neal. So figure on a seven-game Series that year. **END**

Reliever Fingers took a back seat to no one until time came for the A's victory parade.





Relaxed Jurgensen shouts signals with élan.

Christian A. Jurgensen III, 40, of Mt. Vernon, Va., thanks you for your patience and understanding. He would like to have been with you sooner, but it took a while to scrape off the rust from a carcass that, in its day, has had legs, shoulders, ribs, elbows, ankles and knees—to say nothing of pride—bent in all kinds of ways. But in this pro football season, the year of the Quarterback Shuffle, it was appropriate that Sonny Jurgensen, a creaking relic and a virtuoso who goes back so far in the sport you sometimes wonder whether he came before plastic helmets and low-quarter shoes, should return to the Washington Redskins' backfield and the headlines. And because he has, because of what he has been up to these past few Sundays, nostalgia has a chance to overthrow madness in the league standings.

Last Sunday in the chill of his home stadium, before a loving crowd of 53,879, Jurgensen faced one of the more serious challenges of a humpy career that has now spanned 18 seasons. He had to prove that the miracle he had worked the week before in strapping a last-gasp, theatrical 20-17 defeat on the Miami Dolphins was not a pure accident. What the ageless maestro did against the New

ANCIENT AGE AND HIS PAL WHISKEY

Sonny Jurgensen is back, replacing his friend and roommate and passing the Redskins to victory in the old, flamboyant style **by DAN JENKINS**

York Giants was threw 17 completions in 30 attempts—he had about five others dropped—for 174 yards and the 249th, the 250th and the 251st touchdown passes of his professional lifetime. The Redskins breezed to a 24-3 victory and, as usual, Sonny did it all sorts of ways. Handing off with aplomb. Beating the clock. Peering through the hands and arms of defenders bearing down on him, which is all that a quarterback usually sees, and finding the open man. Sometimes not finding him and jogging for safety—you can hardly call what Sonny does running. He pitched one touchdown to Roy Jefferson, a wide receiver, another to Larry Brown, a halfback, and another to Moses Denson, a fullback, and became a spectator in the fourth quarter after the game became a laughter.

There was a time when a good many people argued that Jurgensen was the best passer in the game. When he was fit, they said, without bandages on his ribs or knees, no quarterback could approach him in throwing long, throwing short, throwing quick, dissecting defenses, arousing his team, working the clock. The only thing was, everybody said, Sonny was unlucky. He got hurt a lot, and he had to play for bad teams, first at Philadelphia, then at Washington. And he had to play for such leaders of the coaching community as Hugh Devore, Buck Shaw, Nick Skorich, Bill McPeak, Otto Graham and Bill Austin. He would also have played for Joe Kuharich, except Kuharich traded him from Philadelphia to Washington for Norm Sneed, which turned out to be a strategic maneuver ranking up there with Napoleon's invasion of Tolstoy.

"I'm a good trivia question," Sonny said a couple of nights before he beat the Giants. "Name all my coaches."

Some people forget Vince Lombardi, but no one has trouble naming George Allen. It is no secret that Allen would be more comfortable with Jurgensen's good friend and on-the-road roommate,



The matchless arm threw for three scores.

Bill Kilmer, operating at quarterback. Allen likes to win games 13-6, with the defense dominating. Sonny likes to win them 41-40, throwing 50 passes. Last Sunday each man had it his own way. Allen's defense made the big plays—a blocked punt and two interceptions—that gave Sonny the opportunity to win the game in the air.

What had brought Sonny back to the center of attention was the Cincinnati game two Sundays earlier. The Bengals were stopping the Redskins cold, and Allen decided to change quarterbacks the way most of the other NFL coaches have this year. Pastorini for Dickey at Hous-

ton, Sullivan for Lee for Sullivan at Atlanta, Harris for Hadl at Los Angeles, Del Gaudio for Sneed for Del Gaudio at whatever town the Giants are in these days, Scott for Manning at New Orleans, Owen for Morrison for Reed at San Francisco, Livingston for Dawson at Kansas City, Poverty for Money on Wall Street.

Anyhow, Jurgensen entered the Bengal game in the fourth quarter, threw 20 passes, completed 12 for 104 yards and two touchdowns, which made the final score 28-17. The following Sunday, Allen started him against Miami, and in the last few minutes Jurgensen hit six of seven passes, the final one for a touchdown, and Miami was stunned 20-17. The admiring Kilmer said, "He's the master." It was such a glorious performance that on Wednesday, three days later, Allen went so far as to tell Jurgensen he did a good job. And the quarterback spot belonged to him once again.

"I'm still rusty," Jurgensen said after the Miami game. "I can't throw as far as I used to, and I can't move and throw on the run like I used to, and I probably don't have as much sting on the ball. I didn't even know whether I could make the team this year, but I thought I'd give it a try because I don't feel old."

Against Miami, rusty was the right word for Jurgensen. In the first half, before he got properly warmed up, he threw three interceptions. Still, the crowd stayed with him.

"They knew the defenders were the only guys I could find open," he kidded. "Fans do a lot for a quarterback. I have confidence I can still throw pretty good, and every year you get better at looking at the other team's window dressing."

Window dressing is what the defense does to fool the man behind the center, but few defenses ever fool Jurgensen for long. He has seen too much. "There's always something open, if you can find it," he says.

Sonny has some actor in him, and against the Giants he was in true character, clasp his helmet in disbelief at officiating calls, scooping up a handful of dirt in disgust, either with himself or because of a dropped pass, and looking at times as if he would not be able to raise up from one knee after he had called a play in the huddle. He simply looked hurt, as many 40-year-olds do, whether they are going down the hall to the water cooler or going for touchdowns.

But he was even more in character on the way to the first Redskin touchdown just as the first half was about to end. A blocked punt gave Washington the ball on New York's nine with 1:31 to go, but Sonny had no time-outs left. After three plays it was fourth and goal on the two, and the clock was running. Thirty-three seconds remaining.

Jurgensen lined up his team without a huddle and called something at the line of scrimmage, probably something like, "Somebody get open, damn it, on one." Roy Jefferson did, doing a quick out at the flag, and Jurgensen hit him in the numbers, as they say. That made it 7-3, and there was no indication that the poor Giants were going to score again. Essentially, the game was over, as long as Jurgensen's rust did not produce any critical interceptions in the second half.

As it happened, it was the Redskins who came up with the interceptions, one by Brig Owens and another by Chris Hanburger, and Sonny got to keep the football—and keep it in the air—most of the third quarter. It was the kind of situation Jurgensen relishes. Throw, throw, throw. In one streak he hit six out of eight. And he took the usual risks.

"You don't get to see half the passes you complete," he had said earlier. "You're on your back. And frequently you have to throw straight at a defensive guy, actually aiming at him, and hope your receiver is running his route properly so he'll get to the ball first."

On those occasions when Jurgensen

was buried under a heap of Giants, his wife Margo cringed in the stands, wondering if it would be the knee this time, or the elbow, or the ribs, or the shoulder.

"He wouldn't know how to spend his Januaries if he didn't have to have an operation," Margo has said.

Still, though the Redskins obviously are a more exciting team with Jurgensen at quarterback instead of Kilmer, who can say which is the better one? Kilmer took Washington to the Super Bowl when Jurgensen was on crutches. Kilmer runs a more balanced attack. Sonny himself has no doubt that Kilmer can do the job. One of the pleasant things about pro football is the relationship between these two. They are better than just good friends.

"Whiskey is a dandy," says Sonny. The name does not derive from Kilmer's preference in beverages but rather, as Sonny explains, because "he's got a whiskey face. Look at it."

Says Jurgensen, "We're about to become a good football team. I think we're finally on the road. I hope part of the reason is that the guys know what a good relationship Whiskey and I have. They'll play for either one of us."

Right now, they are playing for one who inspires legends.

As Roy Jefferson said after the victory over the Giants, "It was all Sonny." And as Sonny himself said later in the evening, "On days like this you feel like you can play forever. Wouldn't that make old George Blanda hot?"

AND

After being sacked, Brian Jurgensen is offered assistance by selfless Giant defenders.



A BELL RINGER FOR GOOLAGONG

The game occasionally becomes more of a walkabout than a waltz for Evonne, but long ago it was predicted that 1974 would be her year. Nobody guessed it would bring her the richest prize in women's tennis **by JOE JARES**

Nine years ago Australian tennis Coach Vic Edwards, who has the look of a Sandhurst-educated British colonel, took a young, part-aborigine girl into his Sydney home. He and his wife treated her like one of their own children. Her surname, Goolagong, means "tall trees near still water" in the aboriginal language, and she was as graceful and placid as her name. She was a player of unusual promise, and it was unlikely that she would reach her potential living with her parents 400 miles to the west in the wheat-farming country. It wasn't long before Edwards was predicting that Evonne Goolagong would reach tennis stardom in 1974.

"I stand by that," he said last year. "I can see it all coming together."

Goolagong, who surprised the world by winning Wimbledon in 1971, this year failed for the third time to repeat that triumph. She reached the final at Forest Hills, but lost a tough match to the queen

of the game, Billie Jean King. But lest anyone think her guardian was a poor prognosticator, Goolagong, now 23, set the record straight last weekend at the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Playing in the third annual Virginia Slims Championships, she upset King in the semifinals 6-2, 4-6, 6-3, upset Chris Evert in the final 6-3, 6-4 and walked off with a check for \$32,000, equal to the juiciest cash prize in the history of women's sports.

"She was like a panther compared to me," said King. "She had more mobility and she played beautifully. I started watching her, and then I'd remember all of a sudden that I had to hit the ball."

"There was nothing I could do," marvelled Evert. "She just hit winner after winner. Against Evonne good wasn't good enough. You had to hit the lines."

Goolagong has become well-known for her "walkabouts," lapses when she loses her concentration, starts thinking about the price of walnuts in Tasmania and neglects the execution of a faltering opponent. There was nothing like that against King and Evert last week. She glided around the court in her diaphanous dresses, seized every opportunity to race to the net and, once there, stirred the crowd with her quick, acrobatic moves. She would not only get to an opponent's streaking shot, she would somehow send it back at an impossible-to-return angle.

The field had been ballyhooed as the "top 16 women players in the world," which was not quite true. To become one of the select 16, a player had to finish high in the point standings and show up for at least seven Slims singles events, a reasonable requirement to keep the local promoters happy. Some talented people, however, failed to get their seven for one reason or another, like aching teeth and a high fever (Nancy Richey Gunter) or a sick father (Helga Masthoff of West Germany) or the need to finish high school (Jeanne Evert). Olga Morozova, who upset King to reach the 1974 Wimbledon final, was ordered home by the commissars of Soviet tennis to play in the Soviet national tournament. Kerry Melville got in her seven and had points

to burn, but she decided to pass up a shot at the pot of gold and flew home to Australia for a rest. And Margaret Court understandably has not been in action much this year, having given birth to a daughter in August. Still, it was silly to quibble. What was really important was that the big three—King, Evert and Goolagong—were playing the same tournament for only the third time this year, the first two being Wimbledon and Forest Hills.

As if the big names and the money were not sufficient, the promoters went after the Buck Rogers fans by announcing plans to use the Electronic Line Judge "on a full-court basis for the first time during a major tennis tournament." The men of World Championship Tennis had used the contraption in May, but only on the service line. This time, plastic sensors under the Sportex playing surface would do all the work: linesmen usually do, and two mad scientists sitting by the umpire's chair would monitor the calls via a mysterious black box.

"They can do anything with that machine," said Rosemary Casals. "It's just great."

Well, almost anything. Plain old error-prone, inaccurate, inefficient human beings, with all their loose circuitry and worn gaskets, had to be used after all. It turned out that ELJ was more temperamental than previously thought and objected to sharing the Sports Arena with hockey-rink water pipes and electric lines rigged up for the organ. Somewhat miffed, it was used only in an advisory capacity and was promised another try-out later. Science trudges on.

Although this was technically the third Slims Championship, it was really the first using what will probably be the enduring format, one that restricts the field to the elite. The first two were held on slow Florida clay and were won by the mistress of that medium, Evert. She was seeded No. 1 in Los Angeles, and it was justified. After all, she was the champion of Italy, France and Great Britain, had posted a 36-3 record on the waterspring Slims tour and had become the first woman in tennis history to earn

Evonne served notice that she would attack.



more than \$100,000 in the first half of a year.

With her fiancé, Jimmy Connors, and her father/coach watching each night, Evert defeated Françoise Durr, Casals and Virginia Wade. Except for a tie-breaker set she lost to Rosie, the matches were not close. Her serve showed obvious improvement and she was deceptively fast getting to well-hit shots. As usual, her ground strokes stayed just in. Surfaces were of no concern to her, she said. She had not even practiced on clay for a couple of months.

Goolagong's path to the final was much more difficult. She was forced into tie-breaker sets by Valerie Ziegenfuss and Lesley Hunt, only to find second-seeded King waiting in the semis—Billie Jean King, 30, president of the Women's Tennis Association, player/coach of the Philadelphia Freedoms, magazine publisher, author and Forest Hills champion.

It was King who was chiefly responsible for the fat purse the women were pursuing and for the fatter purses that are sure to follow. The Virginia Slims Championships will return to L.A. next year (in April) with even more prize money offered, and the details are being hammered out now on a contract with CBS calling for live TV coverage of six 1975 tournament finals on Saturday afternoons. King the executive was glad to talk of such matters, but King the player was anxious to take the court.

"I want this championship," she said. "It's so important to me, first, because it pays the highest prize money ever offered and, second, because I want to see if I can win the toughest one after a long exhausting season."

She couldn't. Just as at Forest Hills, Goolagong won the first set and lost the second, but this time she changed the pattern and won the third, bringing roars from the crowd with some seemingly impossible saves.

"I thought I played the best I've played for a very long time," Goolagong said afterward, and then announced her strategy against Evert in the final: "To get in to the net as much as possible, because there's no way I'm going to beat her sit-



After beating Evert in the final, Goolagong won the Slims trophy and a record \$32,000.

ting on the baseline. If I do that well, I know I can beat her."

Goolagong had reason to be confident. At the Australian Open she had taken Evert 6-0 in the third set. At Forest Hills she had beaten her in a dramatic rain-delayed match that ended Chris' consecutive-match winning streak at 56. Just three weeks ago, in Denver, she had trailed Evert 4-1 in the third set and had won five straight games and the match. But despite her recent success, Goolagong's career record against Chris was seven wins, seven losses.

Goolagong and King had gotten a standing ovation at the end of their match, but the Goolagong-Evert match Saturday night before 7,049 might well have been better, even though Evonne

won in straight sets. After Goolagong took the first 6-3, Evert jumped off to a 2-0 lead in the second, fell behind and twice had to break Goolagong's serve to stay in the match. In one rally Evert three times chased down overhead smashes by Goolagong and got them back. But while Evert was capturing Goolagong's serve in clutch situations, she could not hold her own and finally went down, fighting.

It was Goolagong's night and Goolagong's big payoff, but it was not too sad an occasion for Evert. She had raised her 1974 world earnings to almost \$195,000, was nearing the end of the most successful year in her tennis career and she was, as some people tend to forget, still only 19 years old.

END

CUT 'N RUN VERSUS THE BIG GUN

Ali says he is razor-sharp, which is a way of disclosing his strategy against the punching prowess of Foreman by CLIVE GAMMON

This is a serious moment at the Salle de Congres in the beautiful presidential complex on the banks of the Zaire River. It is a serious-looking hall, the sort where one might expect to find a table with a chaste flask of water for the speaker, uncomfortable chairs for the party faithful and not much else. But now the auditorium at N'Sele does duty as a gymnasium for both George Foreman and Muhammad Ali. Light filters somberly through green drapes and there is a subdued throb of music, a slow-tempo Donny Hathaway rhythm and blues tape. Listening to its beat, Foreman prowls around the ring, swinging his arms loosely, not responding to patters of polite applause from Zairian fans lucky enough to have permits to watch him work out.

As Foreman paces, Henry Clark, ranked No. 8 heavyweight by the World Boxing Council, is tugging on his gloves. He is a massive-buttocked, thickset man. In a moment he will step into the ring to spar two rounds with Foreman, an event that has taken on the significance of a major contest in the minds of the news-starved press and every other camp follower. This is the first time in 29 days that the champion will have boxed, the first time since the cut over his right eye interrupted his training and postponed the title fight.

This moment, indeed, demands concentrated attention. It would not do, for instance, to let your glance stray through the open door behind the ring just be-



Whirling away in workouts, and punctuating their off-time with psychological threats, both the challenger and the champion approach fight night in top physical form.

cause another show is taking place outside. For the delectation of the camp cook, assorted steel-helmeted gendarmes, gardeners, chauffeurs and probably the upstairs maid, Muhammad Ali is prancing on the grass, making stylized magician's gestures.

"I'm magic," Ali announces and, flicking out his hand, he makes a long stick seem to appear from nowhere. Then he

capers off like the Pied Piper, his giggling audience chasing after him. But he returns in a few moments, peering into the hall through the latticed stonework. Even Ali has to admit that the main event is taking place inside.

There could not be—and there is not—any serious testing of the Foreman brow. Clark connects just once with a blow of any consequence, a left to the side of the

head. Most of the time he is content to dance, Ali-style, as Foreman practices cutting off the ring, cornering his man, hending him off. At the end of the second round, the champion is visibly relaxed, and he pauses to yell to two safari-suited Ali aides, "Come down to the front where you can see better."

A member of Foreman's camp notes reverently that this is the closest the champion has come to making a pleasant remark in two weeks. Everybody responds to the new mood. Adviser Archie Moore, neatly turned out in a wool yachting cap and high-decibel checked trousers held up by suspenders and with the legs tucked into his socks as if he were about to ride off on a bicycle, calls out, "Please don't eat me, Grandma." This is a reference to a mysterious covered shopping basket that Moore carries everywhere with him, the true contents of which he refuses to reveal. "I abstain from duffelbags," he says grandiloquently. "This here basket contains pieces of lion meat for me to throw into the ring for George."

Lions were on Moore's mind because last Tuesday morning, Zaire President Joseph Mobutu had presented Foreman with a lion cub. Foreman made it plain that he did not regard the gift as merely a ceremonial gesture. "He's an animal freak," said one of his entourage admiringly. "How big was it, George?" somebody asked him.

"It didn't look like no baby lion to me," Foreman said. "It's big enough to be nearly a lion. About the size of an English bulldog." The word is that he will ship it back to his ranch in California rather than hand it over to a zoo.

"This is the most outgoing Foreman has been since he came to Zaire," a friend said, and Foreman indeed gave a firm impression of a weight being taken from his shoulders. "I was worried about that cut," he said after the sparring rounds, "but now I know I'm extremely cured, physically and mentally. The time is going by good now, too. I used to be wishing it away, saying to myself, 'Hurry up, tomorrow. Come on, day after tomorrow. Come on, two weeks' time.' Now I feel at home and time doesn't worry me."

The scar over Foreman's eye, invisible when he is in the ring, shows up at close range, but only where Vaseline has out-

continued



lined the artificial patch of colloidion worn over it for the sparring.

As for feeling at home, Foreman's morale has improved since he decided to move into Kanusha and live at the Intercontinental Hotel. This has offended people in some quarters since the President put the suburban N'Sele complex at the fighters' disposal, but Foreman believes that hotels are lucky for him. He

stayed in hotels for his Caracas, Tokyo and Jamaica fights and he declares that he is more at home in them. Indeed, the Intercontinental is a haven of peace and rest compared with N'Sele, where Zairian music and public announcements are belted out over a powerful P.A. system all day long.

Because of his presence in town, Foreman's popularity has grown with the

local fans, and an instant poll in the ivory market shows 30'; now in his favor compared with almost no support in the early days. This boom comes despite some old, incalculable factors that work against Foreman, such as his German shepherd Daggo. One does not see dogs in Zaire; the word is that they are not appreciated by local people because of their role in the days of Belgian colonial oc-

continued

ADVISER ARCHIE MOORE: WHEN FOREMAN CONNECTS, GOODBY JAW

Ali reminds me of the fable of the dog that had everything—the Top Dog. Ali had skill, the swiftest feet in his sport and a thinking man's brain. The dog in the fable had everything, too. Then he looked down in the water and saw a bigger dog with a bigger bone. He dropped his own bone and leapt into the water. For Ali, the bigger dog isn't just a reflection. It's George Foreman.

For Ali, this leap isn't going to just cripple his future. It's going to cripple his ego. I think the big thing that is going to beat Ali is Foreman's total concentration. George has concentrated totally to get in proper condition for the fight and Ali has been distracted because he's a glib young man. I feel Ali is being lured away from the subject, which is the fight of the century.

Dick Sadler and his assistant trainer, Sandy Saddler, who retired as featherweight champion, have thought about the fight. Sandy has the role of Minister of Strategy on Foreman's staff, working out techniques

for cornering the fleet-footed Ali. The combined minds of Sadler, Moore and Saddler are devising new approaches to force, to coerce, fool and browbeat the sensitive Ali into a close confrontation with Foreman, who not only has TNT in his mitts, but acrobatics as well. Even if Foreman misses with a punch, the whoosh of air will lower the 90° temperature in Zaire very considerably.

My logic is that the quiet cunning and deadly patience of the spider family, in this case the tarantula, whose game is really the big bananas, will settle this time for a mouthy, noisy bee.

Foreman is the most improved heavyweight since Joe Louis. In contrast, the loquacious Ali has performed outlandishly, laboring and bombarding the champion with threats. Much of this Ali prose is timeworn, an act now as thin as a Baltimore pimp's patent leather shoes.

Ali, George will halfkill you. Why did you threaten him? I write this direct to you so

that you can remember me as the kind old man who helped you cut your wisdom teeth. You added a few more tricks to the ones I showed you. You lifted the bolo punch from Kid Gavilan and converted the half-step "Watson Shuffle" into the widely advertised Ali Shuffle. With those meager tricks in your bag, you claim you did it all. Here is my poem to you:

Really, your poetry is nothing by rhyme / and 15 rounds is a long time: Joseph Frazer couldn't even make two; Ken Norton was a victim of George's coup. / Foreman's left will make you dance Turkey in the Straw. / When his right connects with your lower mandible. / Goodbye, jaw.

This time you are in real trouble. I must publicly warn you. After the fight, you can even hide out a few years in the jungle, slide into Louisville about midnight, and nobody would ever know. The reason I am writing this to you is that I don't want your blood on my hands.

TRAINER ANGELO DUNDEE: ALI BY A KNOCKOUT IN NINE OR 10

I make no bones about it: Foreman is a great champion, a great heavyweight. But the only little thing is, he's meeting a man with the style to beat him. In each fighter's life, someone comes along who can beat him; his invincibility disappears when he meets a certain fighter. Right now, Foreman looks invincible. I was thrilled when I saw him work out in the gym. He looks like he is in perfect condition, a big block of granite.

But the whole thing is having Muhammad Ali face you. This is the whole gist of this fight. Ali does things to his opponents. I don't know what the chemistry is; he just psychs those guys.

Foreman has been able to dominate fights in the past, but when he faces Ali he won't dominate because he won't find Ali easy to reach. He'll be facing an opponent who will stand eye to eye with him; there's not going to be any bending in front of him. Foreman will be facing a guy who can move out of range of his punches, and between Fore-

man's swings Muhammad will be popping him. My fellow has all the necessary tools to defeat Foreman.

I know that Foreman is going to come forward and try to dominate the fight away from my fellow, but I wouldn't be amazed to see Ali take it to Foreman. It is all according to what Foreman does. This thing about Foreman walking around and cutting off the ring won't work with Muhammad; it will work against Foreman. My fellow has more experience in handling that kind of strategy. Muhammad will be able to contain George's firepower and then he'll knock him out in nine or 10 rounds.

If my fellow can contain Foreman early on, he'll start about round six or seven dictating the tempo of the fight. Also, George is a muscle-fighter. This type of athlete has a tendency to flatten out in the later rounds. It takes more out of them to deliver a punch than a guy who is smooth-muscled. George is bulky-muscled.

I don't think Foreman's cut eye will be a factor in the outcome of this fight. It's been overdone, that cut. I think Foreman won't know how to react to being hit; nobody has ever been hitting on him. And Ali can change gears in the middle of a fight. He can take it to you, he can outbox you, even out-rough you a little bit. Now I don't say my fellow is the greatest knockout puncher. But he will hit Foreman, and the finest boxers in the world do funny tricks once they start getting hit. They don't operate as effectively once they are catching punches. I'm positive my fellow will reach him. He'll be shooting from the same level, 6' 3". Foreman is very effective punching down—but punching straight out, I don't know how effective he is going to be. My fellow loves guys who try to bang him around the belly. It makes them more susceptible to head punches. My fellow's theory is: kill the head and the body will die. We are going to see a great fight. Muhammad Ali will emerge as champion.

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America imports one-third of its oil. Even with energy from other sources, U.S. oil imports will increase for some years. Most of that increase will come from the Middle East. Important as that oil is, it may not arrive here nearly as efficiently as it could.

The reason? America is largely inaccessible to the biggest, most economical oil tankers in the world—supertankers. This is because at 200,000 tons and up, these ships require much deeper water than is found in almost any U.S. port.

The result is that America must now rely on smaller tankers to supply our energy system. For example, six 70,000-tonners are needed to deliver the same 3 million barrels of oil that a single 400,000-ton supertanker could deliver.

Using fewer but larger ships would reduce harbor congestion, decreasing the chances of collision and spills. Using the big ships also would improve efficiency. For example, moving crude oil from the Middle East to the United States in supertankers would require signifi-

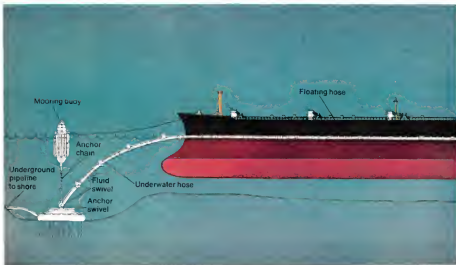
cantly less fuel than moving the same oil in medium-size tankers.

An offshore answer

One promising solution to the shortage of U.S. deepwater harbors is the single buoy mooring, or SBM. Each SBM is anchored well off shore. It is equipped with a swivel which permits the ship to "weather-vane" 360 degrees to face into wind, waves and current. Supertankers simply moor to the SBM, hook up to floating cargo hoses and pump off their oil. The oil is transferred via pipelines buried beneath the sea floor—and beneath the ground on land—to storage tanks.

Compared to in-port unloading, it's fast, simple—and safer. Offshore facilities have been used successfully for years by dozens of countries throughout the world.

Now, Exxon and other compa-



terminals.

nies are engaged in design and other studies for the development of the first deepwater offshore oil terminals for the U.S. Of course, permits will be necessary to allow construction to begin.

A giant step in the Gulf

Several offshore oil terminals have been proposed for the Gulf of Mexico. One of these is "Seadock," a facility planned for installation off the coast of Texas by Exxon and a number of other companies. Plans are to locate "Seadock" 32 miles offshore, southeast of Freeport. Conventional underground pipelines would move crude oil from "Seadock" to refineries along the Gulf Coast and in the Midwest.

Another proposed deepwater terminal called LOOP—Louisiana Offshore Oil Port—would be located 20 miles off the Louisiana coast. It would move crude oil, again via

underground pipeline, to refineries in Louisiana, Mississippi and the Midwest.

Both "Seadock" and LOOP would accommodate present-day and future supertankers, unloading their cargos at the rate of several million barrels a day.

Exxon and other companies also are looking into the feasibility of similar offshore oil terminals to serve the Northeast, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

Should states and the cities involved desire it, offshore facilities could provide the opportunity for local industrial expansion.

What about the environment?

Offshore oil terminals greatly reduce the effect of tanker operations on the environment. Noise and visual impact would be cut a good deal because the unloading facility

cannot be seen from shore and because fewer tankers would be coming to it. Storage tanks, which are needed no matter how oil is delivered, can be located so as to minimize their visual impact on the landscape. But the drop in harbor congestion would be the greatest environmental benefit because it would substantially reduce the chance of collisions and spills.

If you would like more information on oil tankers and offshore terminals, write for our free booklets, "Safely Tankers and Cleaner Seas" and "Reducing Tanker Accidents," Exxon Corporation, P.O. Box 709, Elmsford, New York 10523.



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cupation. Still, Foreman can now count on a lot more ringside partisanship at four a.m. on October 30th, Zaire time.

Meanwhile, a handful of charter flights are reported shaping up in the U.S., England and Belgium, but there are likely to be fewer than 2,000 out-of-country fans on the scene at Vingd de Mai soccer stadium. Promoter Don King insists that there will be no problems, however, in filling the place with Zairian fans at prices ranging from \$10 to \$200.

Work on the stadium is nearly finished, and the Belgian engineer in charge is delighted with the extended canopy of galvanized steel being mounted over the ring. It will cover 80 square feet and will hang only 30 feet over the ring instead of the 60 feet originally proposed. This means—should the much-discussed rainy season strike about Round One—that the fighters and possibly their cornermen will stay dry. The spectators, of course, would be the most thoroughly soaked in all of boxing history. But there is no sign of the rainy season so far.

King claims he is now free from worries. "It remains but for the fighters to step into the ring. The little intricacies, the little petty problems are all gone by. I feel very colorful," he says mysteriously. But bouncy and extroverted as he is, King is no match for the old master, who is in vintage form. Ali freely admits that his view of Foreman's training session showed him that the champion was moving well. "I didn't know he could move like that," Ali said the next day after his own workout. "But," he added, not willing to concede too much, "he didn't go on for long. I danced for five rounds of shadow boxing. Nobody but me can do that. Dance and punch. Dance and punch."

Certainly Ali had shown that he is superbly prepared. His training session, just as he said, had been much more punishing than Foreman's and at the end of it he was still full of bounce, doing his magic act with the stick again and putting out some imaginative prophecies. "In two years' time," he announced, "when of course I will still be champion of the world, 10 million people will be watching me meet the new White Hope from Mississippi—with Governor Wallace in his corner." Then he went on to more immediate problems.

"I'm sorry," he said gravely, "but I am going to get a lot of credit I don't deserve for whipping Foreman. He's got

power, but he's like a boat with a big, powerful engine trying to move around in a little bit of water. Power ain't nothing to a moving target. That man's gotten his flame with no punishment. So he's a great fighter. He ain't even fought four rounds yet. Now you watch that George when he's training. Just one, maybe two rounds. It's a lot of work for a big man like him to get in the ring and fight five rounds like me. Quarry, all of them cats, I cut 'em. I cut most of my fighters. When I hit that Foreman it's going to be the launching of the first colored satellite."

The cut keeps coming back into Ali's conversation. It doesn't take a trained Freudian to figure out why he entitles his latest poem "Shaving in the Morning." Like other poets before him, Ali is feeling his way into a new phase of development. The short lyrics are now being replaced by longer *oeuvres*, just as Milton progressed from writing sonnets to the epic. Ali also retains his gift for instant improvisation. Last week, having had read to him Archie Moore's needling verse (page 34), he amended his own manuscript within seconds.

"Shaving in the Morning" goes on for some 40 lines, much of it echoing earlier pieces, with archetypal images of butterflies and bees, but a few lines must certainly qualify as among the best of Ali:

"People say to me, Ali, you're trading your lip again.

"When you meet George, will you be afraid?"

"You must be crazy, because no fighter ever gave me fright.

"It's when I face my morning shave that I have to be brave.

"When I've finished with that man it will look as if I used a razor blade.

"When you see him next day, Archie, it will make you sick, for on his face will be nick after nick.

"So, George Foreman, do yourself a favor. Stay away from my left, it cuts like a razor."

That, for the moment, is Ali's last word, and the images of cutting make it clearer than anything else the fight strategy he has in his mind. "It's going to be the biggest upset in sporting history," he crows. And what would thrill Ali most of all, if he wins, is that his triumph would take place before such notables as Colonel Gaddafi of Libya, the President of Nigeria and the Sheikh of Abu Dhabi, all men he admires. Even heavyweights can be snobs. **END**



OLDSMOBILE

PRO BASKETBALL

Off on the Wrong



Foot

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Dave Cowens eliminated themselves from the early going while elsewhere plenty of teams were reedy, willing and healthy

by PAT PUTNAM

So there they are, as pro basketball turns once again to the serious business of making money and deciding championships—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar of the Bucks and Dave Cowens of the Celtics, the game's two premier centers, out of uniform, sporting plaster casts and crutches. Suddenly the seasons of Milwaukee and Boston, who met for the NBA title last May, depend on what physicians say. Within a span of three days midway in the exhibition season, the prize pair were set down by broken bones; for Abdul-Jabbar, his right hand; for Cowens, his right foot.

Cowens probably broke his foot chasing Denver's Fatty Taylor, but at the time he didn't realize it. He found out later in a game in New York when he went up for a rebound and came down on crutches. A few nights before that, Abdul-Jabbar went up for a rebound and instead caught Don Nelson's finger in his eye. Angered, he drove his right fist into the post supporting the backboard. His scratched eye has healed, but his broken hand has not. Both men will miss some early weeks of the season—Abdul-Jabbar perhaps four, Cowens perhaps eight—and without them, their clubs will be hard-pressed not to fall too far behind in division races. So what was supposed to be The Year of the Arrival of Bill Walton has opened instead as The Season of the Sidelined Superstars.

In Portland, Walton is operating hale and hearty and the franchise has been dramatically enhanced, thanks to the magic of the draft. In 1973-74 the Trail Blazers finished last in their division and sold but 2,971 season tickets. This year that figure already has risen to 6,283. In pre-Walton days, the Trail Blazers were often relegated to the "preliminary" opening games of exhibition double-headers and drew crowds of 2,000 fans in places like Longview, Wash. and Albany, Ore. With Walton, Portland played its exhibition games in Los Angeles, Oakland, New York and Dayton, drew an average of 11,582 and appeared in the featured second game of doubleheaders. The last rookie to turn a franchise around like that was Abdul-Jabbar himself who, as Lew Alcindor, arrived just in time to save Milwaukee in 1969.

Aside from Portland, nobody won much in the off-season except Atlanta. It was supposed to be the year of the merger, but the only people who joined together were some old folks named Jerry West, Dave DeBusschere, Oscar Robertson, Willis Reed and Jerry Lucas, and they all retired. And so too, officially, did Wilt Chamberlain. Superstars,

continued



They'll be back but the question is, how soon? Abdul-Jabbar of the Bucks broke his hand; Cowens of the Celtics, his foot.

and a lot of excitement went with them.

Without the merger the ABA was supposed to be dead, but the league found fresh money in St. Louis, Virginia, Utah and Memphis, traded its commissioner for a carpet salesman and is stronger than ever. The NBA, on the other hand, tried to elect a new commissioner, the balloting ended as usual in a hung jury, and the league is now being run by a lame duck. The NBA did agree on a new play-off system, and now the 18 teams will play 82 games each to eliminate just eight of them. Then, in each conference, team 5 plays team 4, and 3 plays 2, and the winner of 4-5 plays 1 and, on well, it will go on forever and everybody will get rich. Nothing much else happened, except some guys in a car with Georgia plates ripped-off the New Orleans Jazz, which is the new kid in the league, and also, unexpectedly, wound up in possession of Golden State's Clyde Lee.

Most of the retirements were expected. DeBusschere left the Knicks to take over as general manager of the Nets. Reed decided he didn't want to be playing wheelchair basketball at the age of 40 and so went to the sidelines instead of to the scalpel again. West said he would play, but after three exhibition games the 14-year veteran changed his mind; if he couldn't give the Laker fans Jerry West, he wouldn't give them anyone else. Robertson will do color for televised NBA games, and Milwaukee will now run the first break. If the price is right and, more important, if the mood moves him, Chamberlain might still play.

In June, merger was a hot topic. But first the NBA powers in New York had to decide whether Alan Rothenberg or Henry Steinman, both young and qualified, should be Walter Kennedy's successor as commissioner. Either would have been an excellent choice, and 13 of the teams opted for Steinman. No way, said the alliance of Jack Kent Cooke of the Lakers and Chicago's Arthur Wirtz. Milwaukee, Golden State and Washington agreed with them. Since it takes 14 votes to win, Kennedy still has no successor.

Then the owners had to decide what to do about a merger proposal that could have eliminated the option clause. What they decided to do was to go home. The merger never came up for a vote.

The ABA owners got the word at their meeting in Louisville. Instead of giving up, they went to work. The Carolina

team was sold and moved to St. Louis. The Virginia franchise was bought by a large group in the Tidewater area. Another group headed by Mike Storen, who was the ABA commissioner at the time, bought Memphis. Tedd Munchak, a retired carpet executive from Atlanta who had owned the Carolina team, became the league's commissioner. Munchak runs the office from Atlanta and is only a temporary replacement.

In Utah, where the franchise was in financial trouble, Jim Collier said he'd buy the Stars and keep them in Salt Lake City if 7,000 season tickets were sold by Aug. 15. They were and he did. And Dr. Leonard Bloom solved one of his problems in San Diego by moving into the 14,000-seat Sports Arena. He had been trying to operate in a 3,200-seat broom closet.

What the ABA needs now is a decent TV network contract. And what the league must have to get that is a few more Dr. Js. For example: When Julius Erving and his Nets played an exhibition in the Landover, Md. home of the Washington Bullets, 19,035 fans came; when the Detroit Pistons sold tickets for an exhibition against the Nets, people stood in line for an hour and a half to buy them. TV networks like that kind of drawing power. They just want more of it.

Or at least that's what the Atlanta people told New Orleans when they traded away Pete Maravich, who will draw a lot of fans, for a bundle of future draft picks, who will win lots and lots

of games for the Hawks. A while after they'd pulled that job off, one of the Atlanta brass read in the papers where Zelmo Beaty had left Utah, signed with Golden State and been promptly traded to Los Angeles.

"Hey," said the Atlantan, "didn't we have some sort of deal with Golden State about what would happen if Beaty ever came back from the ABA?" "Right on," said Atlanta President John Wilcox, reading the fine print in a 1970 contract. "I think I will telephone San Francisco and give them the news."

What had happened was that back in 1970 Beaty was with Atlanta but unhappy and ready to jump to the ABA. Against the possibility that he might decide *not* to jump, the (then) San Francisco Warriors gave Atlanta a draft pick for the NBA rights to Beaty—and also agreed to send Forward-Center Clyde Lee to the Hawks should Beaty ever sign with them. Beaty jumped, played four years in the ABA and decided he had had enough of Utah. Besides, the Lakers wanted him. First, though, he had to sign a Warrior contract. Just a technicality before being sent on to Los Angeles. And by this time everybody had forgotten about Clyde Lee.

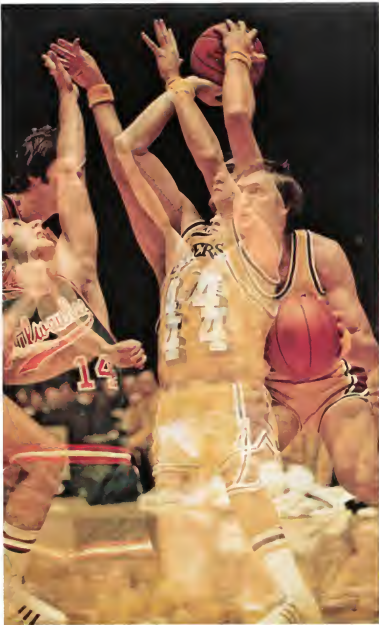
Everybody but the supercool folks from Atlanta. Which is why, in addition to the rest of their off-season winnings, they also won Clyde Lee. As for Lee, his first thought on the matter was that he would now like to renegotiate his contract. It might just turn out to be one of those seasons.

SHOOTING REPORTS BY PAT PETERAN AND JAKE GEORGE BEGIN ON PAGE 60

The Men and Their Moves

To the casual eye, the game often appears formless—random scrambling from one end of the floor to the other and back again. But pro basketball's stars run their paths purposefully, planning to be at a certain spot at a certain time, there to execute one of their distinctive moves—an inimitable bit of basketball artistry that seems to take on an impromptu cast each time it is performed. On the following pages, Heinz Klutmeier's multiple-exposure photographs display some of these, each as recognizable as a signature. The sky hook that Milwaukee's healthy Abdul-Jabbar executes over helpless Kermit Washington of Los Angeles at right, is his trademark. The now-retired Jerry West's quick, soft jumper on the next page was *his* shot. Nor is there any mistaking Julius Erving's soaring drive, Abdul-Jabbar's block of a sure basket or John Havlicek's running takeoff upcourt.





Timing perfectly a shot by Dick Van Arsdale of the Suns, Kareem intercepts the ball at the apex of its flight and slams it straight back

Jerry West makes his patented quick fake, goes up against the Bucks' reaching Jon McGlocklin and gets off his favorite jumper.



On his way to the basket during the ABA championship playoffs, Julius Erving—the Nets' Dr. J—shoots by four helpless Stars



The Green Running Machine

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

When John Havlicek was a rookie Boston Celtic, one of the most important second-string players on the Boston team was Jim Loscutoff, the National Basketball Association equivalent of a middle linebacker. Loscutoff was sometimes called "The Enforcer." In the first scrimmage of that 1962 training camp at Babson Institute in Wellesley, Loscutoff introduced Havlicek to the realities of a noncontact sport. The more noncontact Havlicek had with Loscutoff, the closer he figured he was coming to the emergency ward at Massachusetts General. Loscutoff outweighed him by 25 pounds, and was not disposed to coddle. The shoe rubber, Havlicek recalls, was screeching on every play.

Rookie Havlicek responded to this intimidation by running. He ran veteran Loscutoff into the floor, as surely as if he were a 10-penny nail. It is a style peculiar to Havlicek and, since it requires the physiology of an Arabian saddle horse, impossible to imitate. Havlicek runs and runs (scoring, rebounding, defending tenaciously, making key passes, setting up plays), and when his opponent begins to go under, he runs some more.

"Hey, you're crazy," panted Loscutoff

as they lined up during a free throw ball. "Nobody runs like that. Slow down."

Havlicek explained that he was not an unreasonable man, and that if he was making Loscutoff look bad, he had a solution.

"Quit pushing me around," he said, "and I'll quit running so hard." The compromise at least saved Loscutoff from an early swoon, but it has not saved the rest of the NBA from Havlicek in these intervening 12 years. Red Auerbach, then the Boston coach and now its president and general manager, remembers that first scrimmage, and having thought, "Oh, have I got something here. Are they going to think I'm smart?"

Smart Red had drafted Havlicek off the Ohio State campus at a time when his Celtic team was a philharmonic of Cousys, Heinsohns, Russells and Joneses. Eventually Red relinquished the baton to Russell, and the blend was altered to include Sanders, Nelson and Howell. Then Russell, too, turned it over, this time to Heinsohn, and the empty chairs were filled by a braver medley of Cowens, Chaney and Jo Jo White. And always the insatiable Celtics won—well, seven out of 12 NBA championships is almost always—and always there was Havlicek.

Then at an age (34) when he was at

last, showing some faint signs of fading into a swoon, Havlicek emerged last winter into total light as the physical, spiritual and appointed leader of the Celtics in their seven-game championship decision over the Milwaukee Bucks. Havlicek was named Most Valuable Player in the series.

The vote was academic. A case could have been made that Havlicek was more like Most Valuable in the Game Today. Or the Best Athlete the NBA has ever had—which would rank him right up there universally because few other sports demand anywhere near as much of an athlete as pro basketball.

Phew, you say. How can that be? How can such things be said of a guy who doesn't shoot as well as the best, isn't strong enough to smother a backboard, doesn't have breathtaking speed, can't dribble behind his back and isn't 7 feet tall? How can that be as long as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is alive and living on the basket rim?

There is no arguing Abdul-Jabbar's preeminence. Basketball is a game divided between centers and other fellows, and the best big man will get the franchise owner's vote. The best centers are called "dominant forces." Abdul-Jabbar, as the reigning dominant force, follows the skyline of George Mikan, Russell and Wilt Chamberlain. But inevitably he will make way for another. Already there are pretenders: a redhead named Walton in Portland and an adolescent named Moses in Utah. It is only a matter of time.

But it is altogether unlikely that you will ever see another Havlicek. The dimension John Havlicek has brought to basketball is entirely and uniquely his own, and it will probably go with him once he finally winds down. At that time Geoff Petrie of the Portland Trail Blazers would like to have them "take his body apart and see what's in it."

The record books are not conclusive on the subject of Havlicek: 20,814 career points represent an ultimate Celtic high, but a lot of guys can put a ball in a basket. Furthermore, Havlicek does not fit any of the grooves, he plays two positions—forward and guard—not just one. Sometimes he plays them alternately during a game, sometimes interchangeably as a fill-in, though it has been a while since he was known as the Celtics' "sixth man."

The 6' 5" Havlicek is what is known as

continued

During the Celtic attack or harassment a key rival, John Havlicek is in perpetual motion.

the NBA as a "tweener," an in-between-size player, usually too slow for guard and too small for forward. If you have basketball in mind, a tweener is not what you want to grow up to be. Havlicek has managed to breach the definition. His play is fast enough for the guards, big enough for the forwards.

"He is the best all-around player I ever saw," says Bill Russell simply. As a forward "he may be the best in the league right now," says Bill Sharman, the Lakers' coach. "The toughest in the league to cover," says Bullet Forward Mike Riordan. As a guard, says Jon McGlocklin of the Bucks, "he's right on your shirt whether you're five feet from the basket or 20. He's harder to get shots on than anybody." "He plays bigger than 6'5'," says Jerry West, late of the Lakers. "Right," says Havlicek. "I'm actually 6'5½". I think I'm still growing." "A road runner," says Luker General Manager Pete Newell, "taking you through every ditch, every irrigation canal, barbed-wire fence and cattle guard. You've had a trip over the plums when you've played him for a night."

There are a lot of fine shooters around," says Al Attles, the Warriors' coach, "but when it gets right down to taking that big shot, the one that really means something, they're off to a corner somewhere." "He'll not only take it," says Sam Lucie of the Kings, "he wants it."

If you gauged worth by pure skill, a veteran basketball observer believes, "Havlicek would not rate in the top five. But if you were playing for a million bucks, he'd be in the top two." Jerry West, a less practical jurist, says "Superstar is a bad word. In our league people look at players, watch them dribble between their legs, watch them make spectacular plays, and they say, 'There's a superstar.' Well, John Havlicek is a superstar, and most of the others are figments of writers' imaginations."

It would be reassuring for those who become melted butter in his wake to believe that Havlicek is some kind of genetic fluke who grew into a large pair of lungs connected to a long pair of leg-horns, the whole held together by wire, rubber and whipcord. But in Havlicek's case his particular style was charted by him as surely as if it were a sea voyage. The pivotal moment occurred during his sophomore year at Ohio State, when he

was growing in the shadow of Jerry Lucas, just as he would later live in Bill Russell's more encompassing one in Boston.

For the record, Havlicek was born in Martins Ferry in the athletic Ohio Valley, raised on the West Virginia line in rural Lausung, Ohio (pop. 1,000) and schooled in nearby Bridgeport. He was the second son of an immigrant Czechoslovakian butcher, Frank Havlicek, who, until he died last year, never lost his accent and believed soccer was the only sport. While mother and father tended the Havlicek stores John became a prime item at Bridgeport High, his names—Yunch, Boola, Big John Mr. Clean—on everyone's lips. He never met a sport he didn't like. In baseball he hit .440, and teammate Phil Niekro, now with the Atlanta Braves, says he would have been a pinch big-leaguer.

As a 6'3", 180-pound quarterback, Havlicek was not only the class of the Bridgeport football team but also most of its size. He could throw a football 80 yards, but never had time to because his guards and tackles weighed 130 pounds. To compensate he got to be so good running the spin-T option that twice in one game officials blew the ball dead because they couldn't find it.

Of such stuff legends are made, of course, and responsible people enjoy nurturing them. Red Auerbach says he once asked John how far he could swim, having seen him knifing through a motel pool. Red says John replied, "I don't know, it's just like walking to me." There are similar stories about Havlicek hefting a tennis racket for the first time and winning a class tournament at Ohio State, and about his picking up a foil and performing like Douglas Fairbanks. Havlicek laughs them off. Basketball was his best and true love, and he had no illusions about how he had to play it, even as a high-schooler. "It's true I'm not a shooter," he says, "not the way Sam Jones was or Jon McGlocklin. I never had their touch. I learned to score by taking advantage of every opening." He found early on that when confronted with taller players he could "lean back and throw it up, then run get the rebound and put it in." Sooner or later he always put it in. After Havlicek scored 28 of his team's 31 points in one game, the rival coach told the Bridgeport coach he knew how to stop Havlicek. "Put three men on him man-to-man, and play the other two in a zone under the basket," he said

"And every time he gets near the ball complain to the referees that they're favoring him."

Old-worlder Frank Havlicek rarely saw John play anything, never having gotten over soccer, but Mrs. Havlicek became a devotee. She harbored a mother's qualms about John playing football, though the football scouts came after him in droves. She found a sympathetic ear in Fred Taylor, the Ohio State basketball coach. Taylor has never been overly fond of what he still calls "ohlong ball." "Mrs. Havlicek," he told her, "if you don't want John to play football, then he'll play it over my dead body."

Even that might have been arranged at Ohio State, because Woody Hayes himself wanted Havlicek. John told Hayes he didn't think he could hack basketball, baseball, football and the books, too, and he had a mind to play basketball and baseball. "How do you know until you try?" replied Hayes.

But Woody finally relented, and he told Havlicek he was the kind of boy they wanted at Ohio State "even if you don't play football. So come on, and I won't bother you again." And Hayes didn't, says John. His assistant coaches did. For the next four years they scattered hints like rose petals every time John passed by. Hayes himself was just slightly more subtle. He would introduce Havlicek to his football recruits as "the best quarterback in the Big Ten who isn't playing."

The 1960 Ohio State basketball team was the NCAA champion, led primarily by sophomores—Jerry Lucas, Mel Nowell and John Havlicek. It was just before that season began that Havlicek came unilaterally to the conclusion that very likely made his career.

He walked into Coach Taylor's office, as Taylor recalls, and respectfully informed him there was "only one basketball, and you've got plenty of guys who can shoot it. I'm going to make this team on the other end of the floor."

"At the time," says Taylor, "we were trying to sell our kids on defense. Defense is hard to sell, but here was John literally jumping at the chance. I never saw anything like it. And of course I never saw anything like John. By midseason I was usually assigning him to the opposition's best player automatically, whether it was a frontcourt man or a backcourt man."

In his three years, during which Ohio

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State won one NCAA championship and lost two in the finals, Havlicek drew them all. Lenny Chappel of Wake Forest, Terry Dischinger of Purdue, Cotton Nash of Kentucky, "We even put him on a couple of centers," says Taylor. "He'd get upset if he didn't think he was guarding the best."

And Havlicek himself made a discovery: "I knew from the first time I played this game that the toughest guy to score on was the guy who kept after me all the time, move-to-move, basket-to-basket. The opposite is also true. The toughest guy to defend against is the guy who keeps running. Who never lets up. Never lets you relax. Who sneaks one in on you the first time you drag your feet. I never worried about the physical part, killing myself running or anything like that. I read once where a doctor said you'd pass out before you did any real damage. I never passed out."

Derivatives are an isotonic order, and so are stokes, and Havlicek is one of those, too. Shy, self-disciplining, he punishes himself for athletic failures by running great distances or denying himself Cokes, a noncomplainer. He played hurt, and still does. In a 1973 semifinal series with the Knicks he played three games with a partially separated shoulder, his right arm virtually useless at his side. Against Los Angeles in the 1969 finals he played with an eye swollen shut by an accidental gouging. "I don't think you should mind a little pain if you're paid to play," he says.

In that 1960 NCAA championship he played with a severely cut middle finger on his right (shooting) hand. Taylor remembers a time when John's knee was in such pain from strained ligaments that he finally consented to try an elaborate homemade brace the trainer called an "octopus." When Havlicek appeared on the practice floor his teammates whooped at the contraption, and John retreated to the training room. "I can't wear this thing," he said. "Take it off. It's embarrassing."

Havlicek was also quietly self-effacing about scoring, and Taylor finally suggested that John might want to take a shot himself now and then. He had been averaging no more than six or eight points a game. There followed a game in which Havlicek led the Buckeyes in scoring. When an astonished teammate asked what had gotten into him, Havlicek said, "Coach told me to." In his All-America

senior year Havlicek led Ohio State in scoring seven times. He was voted team captain on all ballots but his own, which he cast for Lucas.

Having played no football at Ohio State, Havlicek was nonetheless drafted by Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns in the seventh round of 1962. In all, five NFL clubs sent him feeder letters.

Havlicek was drafted by the Celtics, too, in the NBA's first round, but in those days basketball owners were throwing dollar bills around as if they were hach-covers. The Celtics' original offer was \$9,500, with no bonus—"your bonus will be the playoff money," Havlicek was told. Unbeknownst to Havlicek, Taylor called Celtic Owner Walter Brown to plead for a better deal. "You college coaches are all alike," said Brown, "always thinking your player is worth more." "Mr. Brown," replied Taylor, "the NBA never had a player worth more than this one."

The offer was raised to \$15,000, which equaled that from the Browns, except that the Browns agreed to throw in an Impala convertible. Not having satisfied an itch to try football at a level where the tackles weighed more than 130 pounds, Havlicek gathered up the keys to the convertible and reported to the Cleveland camp.

"On the first day, at the first meal, I loaded up my tray and took a seat by myself," he says. "I wasn't planning on doing much talking anyway, and I'd heard about the things they did to rookies in the NFL. Suddenly I began to hear these barking and growling noises, like they were maybe directed at me. But when I looked up there was this guy with two T-bone steaks on his plate. He was eating them *raw*. I thought, 'Boy, this football is going to be tough.'"

As a 6'5", 205-pound wide receiver, Havlicek was called "The Spear" by the Browns. He ran the 40-yard sprints in 4.6 seconds and, he says, "caught the ball as well as anyone in camp, but the team was loaded with fine receivers—Gary Collins, Bobby Crespino, Ray Renfro. And there was a lot I didn't know about blocking."

Against the Steelers in the second exhibition, at Municipal Stadium, Brown sent Havlicek in. "The crowd gave me a big hand," he says. "They were curious to see if a basketball player could play football. Somehow I made my block, on the cornerback, I think. A perfect block."

—ron chesed

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Havlicek *continued*

Jim Brown ran a sweep 48 yards to the Pittsburgh two.

"Somebody in the huddle said, 'O.A., Spert, do it again.' I was feeling pretty good. This time it was an off-tackle play. I lined up looking into the face of Big Daddy Lipscomb. When they peeled everybody off the pile I was the bottom, my shoulder pads twisted around and the part of my helmet that was supposed to be over my ear was jammed against my nose. I said to myself, 'Boy, this football is tough.'"

Havlicek was the last receiver to be cut by Brown. "I liked Brown," says Havlicek, "the way he ran things, the way everything was so precise. My kind of coach. He was very nice about it when he let me go. He seemed to know I had something to go to."

Red Auerbach once said, "John Havlicek is what I always thought a Celtic should be." A rival player, Jim Washington of the Hawks, perceives a more spiritual relationship. John Havlicek, says Washington, is what the Celtics have become. "They are one and the same," says Washington. "He gives them leadership and inspiration, and their style of play is his style. It is a rare, beautiful thing."

Late this summer, before the Celtics opened their training camp, Havlicek was back in Ohio. Early one sunny afternoon, he turned his Jeep Wagoneer out of the drive of the four-bedroom maple-shaded brick house in Wellington Woods, a suburb of Columbus, and headed out for some errand-hopping prior to an afternoon golfing date and an evening banquet to be held in his honor in downtown Columbus. "Actually," he said, "it's for the Children's Hospital. I'm just a reason to get people there." The Jeep had been the automobile of his choice for winning the MVP award. Its mates in the Havlicek garage were a bottle-green Cadillac convertible, an Audi and a Honda Trail 70 that had only 29 miles on it because all he uses it for is to take mini-rides around the neighborhood with his 4-year-old son Chris snuggled against his chest.

"I identify with the Jeep," said Havlicek, turning into Orlinburg Road. "You know, I could do this every day the rest of my life—play golf, fish, play tennis. Loaf around in these." He pulled at the striped beach shirt he was wearing with the faded jeans and a scuffed pair

continued



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of Adidas sneakers without socks. His hair was longer than it used to be, a concession to style, he said, and to his wife's wishes.

He said it had not been that difficult to adjust his son-of-a-butcher's tastes to his conspicuous success (his salary alone, as the highest-paid Celtic, is \$200,000-plus). "We do not try to run up a lot of material things," he said. The Havlicek homes in Ohio and in suburban Melrose outside Boston are tidy and attractive, but not pretentious: no swimming pools, no fancy rec rooms. Beth Havlicek, his college sweetheart, is a pretty girl with cornilk hair and startling blue eyes. She has kept her cheerleader's figure through two pregnancies (they have Chris and a daughter, Jill, who is one year old) by engaging John in a continuous round of shared activities. Beth took up tennis and golf for him, John took up skiing and horseback riding for her.

Havlicek made a grocery stop, then drove past the International Manufacturing and Marketing Corporation, a small but growing (\$1 million assets) manufacturer's rep of which John is vice-president. Under its aegis there is an expanding Havlicek line of sporting goods—five signature items to date and, coming soon, a John Havlicek basketball game that is played like darts and will retail for \$15. The president of IMM wants John to quit playing basketball and run the business full time. John said he told him that as long as he was in the shape he's in he'd forgo the opportunity for a full-time desk job.

He patted his unabundant stomach. "I'm down to 193 now, but it's not unusual," he said. "I always lose in the off-season. I don't go for sweets, and I don't drink much, and in the off-season I run around so much that I don't pay much attention to eating. Once we go to camp I'll go to four meats a day, meat and potatoes, and be up to 205 in no time."

He said he could remember that first Celtic camp as if it were yesterday. "I was absorbed right away. There was no trial period, no feeling out. Red never took a lot of guys to camp, and the old Celtics knew what to expect. All Red did was motivate 'em. They'd all been champions either in college or as pros, and they never thought they should ever lose a game."

"The first year, Frank Ramsey and I divided playing time. Ramsey was near retirement, but he was still great. We

were close. That's when I first got to be called the 'sixth man,' Red said, 'it doesn't matter who starts, it's who finishes.' I wanted to finish. I've always taken pride in the ability to play guard and forward. No one else has really done it. Ordinarily a sixth man can handle the offense at either position, but the defense gets him. A guard can't always pin a good forward in the corner, a forward can't stay with a guard up and down court. My defensive background made it easier."

"To Red the idea of a team having character was as important as anything else. He was gruff and tough, but he transmitted something. The Celtics have always had a unity, a feeling for each other. On my first day in Boston, Bill Russell took me all over town to help me find a stereo. The biggest name in basketball. And I was a rookie. There were no factions, no personality conflicts that lasted very long, no black and white problems. There was no scuttlebutt, no rumors. It must have been rough on the Boston writers."

When Russell left as coach, I went from being the youth of the Celtics to the old man. K.C. Jones was gone . . . Sam . . . the next year, Bailey Howell, Nelson, Satch Sanders and I were the only vets left. People said, 'Are these the Celtics?' For a long while I didn't think so. A lot of young players today don't want to learn fundamentals, they don't want to feed, block out, learn the plays. They have so much physical ability they try to take shortcuts. Well, I don't want to be on a team that is fundamentally unsound. And that's the way we seemed to be heading."

"In one game we set up two out-of-bound plays, actually called time-out to set them up. On the first one, the in-bounds pass was thrown to the wrong man. On the second the center lined up wrong. I couldn't believe it. I doubt I'd done it before, but I came back to the bench screaming, and I had more to say in the locker room. Afterward I told a writer it was the dumbest team I'd ever been associated with. I said we had seven simple plays, and if a guy comes into this league making \$20,000 and can't learn seven simple plays, then he doesn't deserve to be paid. The funny thing about it was we won the game."

Heimann, his old roommate in the

'60s, gave Havlicek carte blanche to do and say what he pleased but Havlicek said he'd already figured it out. "I had a responsibility to pass on the Celtic tradition, to instill it if I could. I didn't have to be told."

"The difference on the floor, compared with the old Celtics, is that we've shifted the emphasis from defense to offense. Russell was the greatest defensive center the game has ever known. Dave Cowens can't be a Russell, but he's a better shooter. K. C. was a great defensive player. Jo Jo's a better shooter. I'm counted on now more for scoring than I was. Sure, I want the ball in a tight situation. I feel I know more what I can do, and I'm not bothered if I miss. As long as you know it's the best you could have done, you should not second-guess a shot."

"The maturity we reached last year was remarkable considering how short a time we had had to rebuild. I could see it in the playoff series with Milwaukee, the very first game. We knew what we had to do, we did it. We played tough defense, made Oscar [Robertson] keep the ball as long as possible, get the time down to 18 seconds or so before he could get the ball to Jabbar. *Let Jabbar have his 50 points. One guy won't beat us.*"

Havlicek steered the Jeep back into his driveway, turned off the key and settled back in the seat. "I've got two years on my contract," he said. "You never know how you're going to feel, so I'm not ruling out anything. This is a good business and I like it, but I'm going to play as long as I can play well. I'll know. I'm not as fast as I was. I'm not as reckless on defense, partly because I'm smarter, partly because I'm called on more offensively. Partly because I'm older."

That afternoon Havlicek drove his Jeep to play golf with his old Ohio State teammates, Bobby Knight, now head coach at Indiana, and Gary Gearhart, who sells claw rings in Columbus. Since Havlicek has not yet taken golf seriously, he suffered what would have been damage to his ego had he not been having so much fun. Only Knight really suffered. On the 12th hole he hit nine consecutive balls into the water. Havlicek and Gearhart tried to stifle their giggles.

"No wonder you can't do anything," said Havlicek, hefting a club from Knight's bag. "These look like the covers of Mason jars."

"My salary," said Knight acidly, "is

continued



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Haylicek continued

not dependent on my putting this hole."

Their carts side by side on the next fairway, Knight looked over at the grinning Haylicek and shook his head.

"Greatest guy in the world. And he's always been the same, from the beginning. Except now he's rich."

"You'd be surprised how naive we were," said Gearhart. "John especially. Didn't smoke, hardly drank, probably never cut a class."

"I had to study," said Haylicek. "There were so many of you smart guys around I sure didn't want to be the dumb one."

"The wildest thing we did was go to the movies on Saturday night and throw peanuts around," said Gearhart. "Lucas wouldn't go with us. Haylicek would, but once inside he'd move away."

"It would be embarrassing to get arrested for throwing peanuts," said Haylicek.

"The fact is you were too cheap to buy them," said Knight.

"Thrifty," said Haylicek.

Haylicek's next tee shot, a resounding whack, split the fairway and past them all.

"Watch how I did that," he said. "I never hit it the same way twice."

Crowd. Haylicek's second shot, like a stricken toy plane, dived erratically into the left rough. John waved at it.

"In my opinion," said Knight, "John Haylicek is the greatest basketball player who ever lived, bar none. I'm not saying he has more ability. I'm saying he's the greatest player, because he can beat you so many ways, and nobody, nobody goes as hard for as long as he does."

Bird. Haylicek's third shot, struggling to get airborne and out of the rough, hit a tree and careened off into a sand trap. "My game," said Haylicek, "has gotten itself together."

"How can the world's greatest athlete be so bad at golf?" asked Gearhart.

Sidling. Keyplop. Haylicek's sand shot took off nicely but landed in a pond by the green. Haylicek raised his club into the air as if it were a standard.

"I'll tell you a story," said Knight. "At Indiana we were playing Providence after we'd lost in the NCAA semifinals. Playing for third place. John suddenly appeared at our team meal. He went around introducing himself, as if my players did not know who he was. Then he told them, 'You have to play for third place tonight. It's the best you can do.

So you should do your best.' Later, after we won easily, a writer asked me how I got 'em so keyed up for a third-place game. I said I hadn't."

At the Haylicek banquet that night the menu included Boston Celtic parfait, and a group of ladies in green and white uniforms who called themselves the "Haylicettes" sang a medley of *Haylicek*, *Super Celtic Hush* and *Give John's Regards to the Buckeyes*. There were film clips of key games and TV commercials John had made—Diet Rite among them—and a nostalgic reel or two of his wedding. Perhaps accidentally, the pictures of his high school football games came on the screen upside down.

People influential in Haylicek's life got up to pay him tribute. His old high school coach told the audience that whenever he sees John on TV "I tell my son, 'That's John Haylicek. I coached him.' It's the greatest honor I could have." Fred Taylor said that Haylicek was probably the only man in Ohio who could bring such a crowd together "on the eve of oblong hall season." Bobby Knight said he wished he had Haylicek's money. When John's mother was called on to be recognized from the floor, John, on the podium, stood up and the audience followed. Mrs. Haylicek's blush could be seen across the room.

Then the occasion himself came to the microphone. He said in his familiar, pleasing baritone that it was "hard for me to accept compliments very well," and that the only reason he was there was that there were children who needed help. After that he and Beth pivoted out the door prizes: balls, posters, etc.—that John himself had donated.

When it was over and the dance band was whipping up a rock tune, Knight and a small knot of old Ohio State players and friends gathered around Fred Taylor near the podium. Taylor said he had called Haylicek after the final NBA championship game with Milwaukee. "I got him out of the shower. He said, 'Fred, it's the only time I ever won anything by myself,' meaning without a Lucas or a Russell to take the spotlight. I said, 'John, you've been winning all your life.'"

"You know, I had a call just the other day, one that I seem to get all the time. The guy said, 'Fred, I have a prospect for you. He's another John Haylicek.' I stopped him right there. I said, 'Don't ever tell me that. There's no such thing. There's only one.'"

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BOB LANIER

Pistons up but Not Down

This divisional championship depends, among other things, on Bob Lanier's memory. After endless seasons in the abyss of mediocrity, the Pistons made a bold move on the Bucks last year and now if Lanier can only remember just how good a center he is, which is awfully good, Detroit may be able to leap over both Milwaukee and Chicago, perhaps to the very top of the league. The Bucks, of course, still operate with a long ton of talent, but they open the season in a depleted state while waiting for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's right hand to heal. Chicago has added Nate Thurmond, which is like giving an additional set of muscles to a mugger, and all the Bulls need now is inner peace, which may be somewhat harder to come by. Kansas City-Omaha is nicknamed the Kings, but of what?

After using up 13 coaches since 1948, the Pistons came upon Ray Scott almost two years ago and suddenly, instead of a bunch of people playing one-on-one,

there was cohesion. Instead of individual stars, the Pistons became a galaxy. Just as important, Scott convinced Lanier not only that he was a premier center but that anyone who is 6'11" and weighs in at 260 pounds just naturally ought to be an assassin. "More elbows," ordered Scott. By nature a gentle man, Lanier became an enforcer, and the Pistons, a team at last, began to win. Only a two-point loss to Chicago kept them from the Western Conference final against Milwaukee. The defeat seems to have made the Pistons meaner and hungrier. "It's in the back of our minds," says Lanier.

He leads a talented and deep front line that could earn the Pistons an even better mark than their 52-30 (fourth-best in the NBA) of a year ago. For openers there are Curtis Rowe, Don Adams, George Trapp and Willie Norwood, and the Pistons drafted Missouri University's Al Eberhard, who may be the best small forward to come into the league since Jim McMillian in 1970. In the equally strong backcourt, Dave Bing will play alongside either John Mengelt, an improved Chris Ford or rookie Eric Money from Arizona.

In Milwaukee, before Abdul-Jabbar's hand became Topic A, everyone was wondering if the Bucks could win without the retired Oscar Robertson. "I think so," drily offered Kareem, who will miss at least three and perhaps four weeks of the season. "When he wasn't out there last season, our whole game changed. Now we'll be able to do things we weren't able to do with Oscar, to the extent that we either won't need him or we can compensate for his absence. We'll have more flexibility. We now have more people who can come off the bench and get the job done. Most definitely, we'll have a new look."

Without Robertson, the Bucks' new look will be the first break, especially if rookie Gary Brokaw of Notre Dame plays opposite a healthy Lucius Allen at guard. That will make a difference. "I don't know if you know anything about chess," said Abdul-Jabbar, who does, "but last year we played black. This year we'll be able to attack." Brokaw is in the Dave Bing mold, but without the Pistons'

super-quickness. Although not a playmaker, he can score, run and handle the ball. Another plus is the acquisition of Guard George Thompson, who was with the Memphis Tams last year and averaged 20.1 in 364 ABA games over the last five years. He scores on drives and on the fouls he often picks up en route to the basket.

With Thurmond arriving in the trade that sent Clifford Ray to Golden State, Chicago will be bigger and tougher than last season. But the Bulls will be much older as well. Thurmond is 33 and coming off a poor year on the Coast, and he'll be starting with Forwards Bob Love and Chet Walker and Guards Jerry Sloan and Norm Van Lier; all but Van Lier are over 30. That is the lineup provided the Bulls can persuade Love and Van Lier to end their holdouts. There is little love lost between Coach Dick Motta, he of the hitting tongue, and some of his stars. Still, Motta usually gets what he demands, which is a rugged defense some critics of the sport have suggested was originally designed for the Chicago Bears. The Bulls gave up only 98.7 points a game last season (second-best in the NBA) and more than one opponent came away convinced that Motta drills his defenders in dark alleys.

The protracted money squabble with Love and Van Lier is critical for the Bulls. Between them, they averaged 36.1 points last season, and Van Lier, who together with Sloan sets the pace of the Chicago assault, was sixth in the NBA in assists with 548. Until these two are in camp, Chicago cannot go anywhere but down.

No matter which way Chicago goes, Kansas City-Omaha will finish last in the division, but at least the Kings will be exciting on offense, courtesy of Tiny Archibald and Jimmy Walker. Archibald returns after a bad season in which he was hampered by an injury to his Achilles' tendon and personal problems, and Coach Phil Johnson is not asking him to duplicate his stunning 1972-73 performance (34 points a game, 910 assists), just to come close. Johnson is also asking that the Kings play defense, a notion they rarely considered until he took over at midseason last year.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new," said King Arthur as he sailed off on his barge. So it may well be in the Atlantic Division, where Buffalo's star is rising while New York's fades— one Eddie Donovan-built team eclipsing another.

Donovan's Braves doubled their win production last season with 42 victories, becoming the first 1970 expansion franchise to make the playoffs. Now they are better than ever as a result of Donovan's wheeling and dealing, the same tactics that brought championship talent to New York.

By the middle of last season, Bob McAdoo had established himself as a top scoring center, and Memorial Auditorium rang with shouts of "Two for McAdoo." His range, agility and accuracy led John Havlicek to call him the best shooter of any size he has seen in a dozen years. The Braves have added Dale Schlueter from Atlanta, a capable huck-up center. Jim McMillian, to no one's surprise, has become the team leader and captain. In the other corner, balancing McMillian's offensive skill, is first-rate rebounder Gar Heard. Jack Marin, a fine runner and perimeter shooter, comes off the bench. Buffalo is equally deep and balanced at guard. Ernie DiGregorio, the passer and playmaker, starts with Randy Smith. When Ernie gets in foul trouble or needs rest, Coach Jack Ramsay now can bring in veteran Bobby Weiss (obtained from Chicago in the off-season, one of Donovan's real steals). Weiss is a sound team player and experienced quarterback who can shift from a setup to a running game. Still, Ramsay insists, "I'm reluctant to vault us into the higher echelons. We have to prove we can beat tough teams. It's an uphill battle."

At Boston, the question is Dave Cowens, no longer the tallest redhead in the league. Until he broke a bone in his right foot during preseason play, he was the most powerful center in this division, and the key to another Celtic title. Losing him for two months, without a backup man anywhere near his class, is a rough way to start a season. Otherwise, Hondo Havlicek shows no signs of slowing down and is still of All-

Star caliber at two positions. The Celtic family remains close for the time being though it has been through a rare public feud: Don Chaney became the first Celtic ever suspended, ultimately jumping to the ABA, where he will join the Spirits of St. Louis (at more than double his present salary) after he plays out his option in Boston. Chaney is as good a defensive guard as any in the game today. One Boston reporter observed it would be "easier to replace Jo Jo White's 20 points a game than it will be to replace Chaney." But Chaney will have to be replaced. Paul Westphal, also an early holdout, is a much-improved player. Rookie Guard Kevin Seacom from Providence arrived already experienced in the fast break and Glenn McDonald, from Long Beach State, "has the potential to be a great one," according to Coach Tommy Heinsohn.

The Knicks are only a shadow of their former selves without Willis Reed, Dave DeBusschere, Jerry Lucas (all retired) and Dean Meminger (lost in the expansion draft). They will have to struggle to finish third. Encouraging rumors flew all summer. The Knicks would sign George McGinnis. They didn't. The Knicks would sign Wilt Chamberlain. They didn't. They did pick up Howard Porter from Chicago, but he is not Red Holzman's kind of team player and will not fill the gaping holes in the front line. Porter can't put the ball on the floor, and can't play defense. He does have hot streaks with his 15-footers, but that is not what the Knicks need.

With Bill Bradley and Phil Jackson at forward, John Gianelli at center and Walt Frazier and Earl Monroe at guard, the starting lineup is respectable though hardly overpowering. And from there? Tom Riker is getting another go-round, this time at center. Mel Davis is a long way from shoring up the middle à la DeBusschere. An even stickier question is how the Knick veterans will perform in a deteriorating situation. Trainer Danny Whelan summed things up while the Knicks were taking a preseason whipping from the hapless 76ers: "It's going to be a long season if we keep playing like this."



BOB MCADOO

Where Buffalo Roams

The 76ers look better than they did last year—not pro basketball's most difficult trick—and they will look better still if they win an expected legal battle with the Spirits of St. Louis over the rights to All-Star Forward Billy Cunningham. For the rest, Coach Gene Shue must make what he can out of a generally ragtag bunch. At guard, Doug Collins finally is healthy, but must learn to play under control. Fred Boyd, the second guard, and Forward Tom Van Arsdale are journeyman pros. Also up front, Steve Mix is better than he is usually given credit for, and Allan Bristow is eager and improving. As he has for various teams over the past 12 years, Center Leroy Ellis will be doing his level best. But his best is barely adequate. The surprise of the camp was ninth-round choice Perry Warbington, a 6'2" guard from Georgia Southern who can handle the ball and penetrate. The surprise of the season would be Philadelphia finishing ahead of New York—and they just might.

CONTINUED



Biting on the Bullets

The toughest thing about this division is not picking the eventual champion, but trying to remember under what alias it will be operating. Two years ago it was Baltimore. Last season it was Capital. This year it will be Washington. All three, of course, were and are the Bullets, who play now out of Largo, Md., which really is Landover, Md., because that is the post office address. In any case, the Bullets again will dominate their division if only because they have most of the talent as well as Coach K. C. Jones. K. C. could teach a frog to dunk, dribble and drive. Not that he has any frogs.

Atlanta should improve on last year's 35-47 record, primarily because the Hawks unloaded Pete Maravich and Walt Bellamy on New Orleans in return for the Ransaw army, the keys to the U.S. Mint and all the mineral rights in South Africa. Expansionist New Orleans will draw a lot of fans, but probably will lose almost as many games. Houston will be better, but not enough. Cleveland is still

in Ohio and next to last in the division.

Just how far Washington goes beyond the division will depend upon the left knee of Wes Unseld, the granite 245-pound foundation of the Bullets' fast break and defense. Actually both of Unseld's knees are bad, but the left is (or was) worse and was operated on this summer. If the exhibition tour was an indication of things to come, the Brahman Buller will be operating at full bore.

Inspired by Unseld's apparent health, the Bullets' promotion office came up with a new nickname, The Sure Shots, which will fit only if the Bullets improve upon their 44.1% field goal mark, poorer last season than all but two NBA teams. When Unseld plays, he adds two dimensions—rebounding and picking—to the Bullets' offense. Without him, as they were for much of last season, Washington relies almost solely on one-on-one efforts by either Elvin Hayes or Phil Chenier, the slick young guard who has signed a seven-year contract calling for something like \$2.5 million. In just his third season Chenier led the team in scoring with a 21.9 average. He and flashy Kevin Porter give the Bullets a solid backcourt. But sharpshooters have their off-nights and when Hayes and Chenier found their one-on-one assaults flailing, the Bullets were often in trouble. Now, with Unseld, they can go to the fast break. And when that does not work, running your man into the big guy when he sets a pick is a pleasant prospect.

Unseld also gives the Bullets a more flexible defense. Jones prefers to use his muscle against strong centers like Abdull-Jabbar or Bob Lanier, but will switch Hayes to the position against quicker pivots. In the latter case, Unseld becomes a power forward in tandem with Mike Riordan, a smooth operator cast, modestly, along the lines of John Havlicek.

After the sacking of New Orleans, Atlanta will be stronger, but at best a year away from becoming one of the league's powers. In return for Maravich, the Hawks made New Orleans agree to take Bellamy (since put on waivers) from them as their first expansion choice. The Jazz's next two "choices" were then con-

signed to Atlanta, Bob Kauffman, a veteran 6'8" forward from Buffalo, and defensive specialist Dean Meminger, from New York, who is also a playmaker and penetrator. Both will help the Hawks this year. Then there is New Orleans' No. 1 draft choice, which Atlanta used to pick Utah's Mike Scambray as another part of the package. All that plus New Orleans' top draft pick next season, its second-round picks in 1975 and 1976, as well as the option to trade draft choices in 1976 and 1977, which Atlanta most certainly will want to do. Atlanta did not ask for any money.

Up front, Atlanta has sweet-shooting Lou Hudson, John Brown, Clyde Lee, long a dependable rebounder for Golden State, and John Drew, a rookie who may make a lot of people forget most of the 24 players drafted ahead of him.

This summer the Houston Rockets sent out their eight reserves and a coach to compete in a Los Angeles pro summer league. They also practiced three days a week, and have been dubbed The Boys of Summer. In the Rockets' first two exhibition games, The Boys went 24 for 27 from the field, and this kind of accuracy could enable Houston to become the Bullets' strongest challenger, at least until their fans wear off. With Calvin Murphy and Rudy Tomjanovich among the starters, Houston is going to score a lot of points. On the other hand, so will its opponents.

They have tried something new at Cleveland, an exhibition schedule consisting of just two games. "Eighty-two regular games a year is enough," says Coach and General Manager Bill Fitch. In the 1970-71 season, Cleveland won only 15 while losing 67. Last year the Cavaliers were 29 and 53. This season they will not be a whole lot better.

As an expansion team New Orleans is not expected to win too many games, and it won't. But the fans will have fun watching Maravich pumping in his 40 or so points a night, and what other team could find itself, even in an exhibition game, with four of its five centers—Neal Walk (injury), Mel Counts (injury), Walt Bellamy (injury) and Toby Kimball (sick father)—unavailable for duty.

CONTINUED

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Our car is better

Every car maker in the world tries to build a car as perfect as it can. Nobody's perfect. Some of them come pretty close. A lot (if they don't). The only way to tell the difference before you buy is to take a really hard look—which is what we're about to do with our car.

The point we're trying to make is that Datsuns are built better. Not just the big things we usually talk about like fuel economy and performance. Little things too. When you have to spend years with a car, little things mean a lot.

We're looking at a Datsun 710 because it's in the middle of our price range and we sell a lot of them. But we could say the same kinds of things about any other Datsun: from our most economical Datsun B-210 to our most desirable Datsun 260-Z. The question to bear in mind is this: How many of the same things can be said about the car you now own—or were thinking about owning?

Means of support

The crankshaft in an engine takes a beating you wouldn't even like to think about every time a spark plug fires. WHAM! the crankshaft is jolted by a piston rod. That's why we have five places of support—five main bearings. In the Datsun 710 crankshaft, lots of engineering go to get by with three. But the crankshaft is so important (and awfully expensive to replace) we decided that two extra bearings were well worth it.

Upstairs, downstairs

Most cars have pushrod engines. A cam shaft down in the bowels of the engine makes pushrods go up and down, which make rocker arms rock, which—finally—open and close the valves on cue. That's a lot of activity to open a valve. The Datsun 710 has an overhead cam engine which uses 43% fewer moving parts, thus cutting power-eating inertia and friction. What's



more, even if your car does have an overhead cam, the odds are that it is driven by one of those rubber belts instead of a stout, enclosed, oil-bathed twin chain like the Datsuns. Know why? Because rubber belts are lots cheaper to make than stout chains.

Golf balls vs. luggage

We must admit that there are bigger trunks in a few cars. Not many, mind you. But cubic feet do not tell the whole story. You see, trunk capacity usually is measured with golf balls. You put as many as you can get into the trunk, then you calculate how much that is in cubic feet. Never mind that there's a spare tire sticking up in the middle or a jack protruding from the side. All our trunk space is usable. There's a flat bottom, vertical sides, a straight up and down back wall, all closed up with a more



than your car.

less flat trunk lid. Other cars may hold more golf balls. We hold more suitcases.

Is it a motorcycle or a car?

If you blow a headlight fuse on the Datsun 710, you still have 4 headlights working, complete with your choice of brights or dims. The two on the side with the blown fuse don't throw an awful lot of light, naturally, but they will tell oncoming drivers that you're a car, not a motorcycle.

A long and zappy life

Datsun's standard battery is a really heavy-duty 60 amp/hour one. Most others come with low-power, cheap

batteries standard and often don't even offer a heavy-duty option at extra cost that's as powerful as our standard equipment battery.

The old spaghetti factory

On most cars, when you open the hood you look at a lot of plastic spaghetti. There are wires draped here, drooped there, clamped over yonder, going Lord knows where. Even experienced mechanics have their hands full tracking it all down when there's a problem. On the Datsun 710, all the wiring leads neatly and cleanly to a big black box covered by a weather-protecting lid. Open the box and there you have all the resistors, cluster connections and relays that the mechanic needs to get at. What's more, we even take the trouble to install all the hose clamps right side up for the mechanic. Why be so nice to the mechanic? Simple: the easier it is for him to do his thing, the smaller your repair bill is likely to be.

The moral of the story

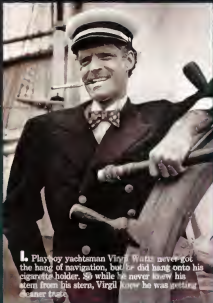
We could go on with examples like this for page after page. But there's really only one surefire way for you to find out if Datsun really is better. Put down this magazine, get your coat, go to your nearest Datsun dealer and take a test drive. And a long, hard look at the Datsun of your choice. Look at the little things, like how the doors fit, how the paint covers what it should and keeps off what it shouldn't. Check out the details as well as the big things. It's the little things that make your car a friend or enemy, over the long haul. And the long haul is what Datsun is all about.

Datsun



Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



1. Playboy yachtsman Virgil Walle never got the hang of navigation, but he did hang onto his cigarette holder. So while he never knew his stern from his stern, Virgil knew he was getting cleaner taste.



2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed away from your lips. So you taste only rich, clean tobacco flavor. It's our way of keeping the taste shipshape.



Kings: 15 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

When you add Bill Walton and Tom Burleson, the division ain't what it used to be. It's probably better, even without Jerry West. Bill Sharman has slowly rebuilt the Lakers from the team that won it all in 1971-72, and the new look is almost as good as the old. Portland won the toss for Walton, which gave it the best center in the division before he had played even a minute and, with Lenny Wilkens coaching and playing, the Trail Blazers could make everyone else look like Custer. Nor should one overlook Seattle, which is young, talented and also well-coached. In Burleson the Sonics have one of the tallest men in the world, and in Bill Russell the man who can teach him how to play center. Golden State is a bit tarnished, what with old trades and new injuries, and Phoenix gave up its starting center for three expansion players, which should tell you something about the Suns.

If nothing else, the Lakers know how to win. They have added a proven scorer in Cazzie Russell, who came down from Golden State saying he did not mind being sixth man if the price was right. First, the knee he tore up in preseason has to heal. Otherwise, the Lakers are deep and experienced at every position. Jim Price filled in for the injured West last season and Los Angeles lost very little. Price has amazing body control, good hands, is a tough defender and moves easily as either a playmaker or a scorer. The other guard is Gail Goodrich, All-NBA and always in fluid drive. With Pat Riley as the No. 1 reserve, the Lakers have one of the finest backcourts in the league. Elmore Smith struggled through last year as Walt Chamberlain's replacement, and now should become the center Sharman expected him to be. Inconsistency was Smith's problem but he seemed to lick it over the final five games—both offensively and defensively, and Sharman worked with him through the summer. Connie Hawkins and Happy Harston are the strong incumbent forwards, and if either falters, which is possible, Russell will soon be available to move up from No. 6 to a starting fifth.

As Wilkens began his first fall season as Trail Blazer coach, his most pressing

problem was to find leadership in the backcourt. He had the strength up front. Walton, Sidney Wicks and John Johnson. And he had Geoff Petrie as one fine guard. What he needed was a traffic cop. Not finding one, Wilkens stepped out of retirement and into short pants, and that was like adding a 10-power scope to a .340 Weatherby Magnum. Portland not only has firepower, but now knows where it is going.

All Wilkens has to do is persuade his sharpshooters to share the trigger. Walton will, of course. But in the past Petrie (the NBA's eighth scorer last year with 24.3 points) and Wicks (22.5) have indicated that they thought a pass was something thrown only in football games. That they are considerably less than friends may have had something to do with it. Even Johnson, who gives off the ball well, has his ego moments. But with Wilkens in command in the backcourt and Walton at the controls under the basket, the problem may be on its way to solution.

Seattle is just 175 miles from Portland, and Bill Russell decided if he was going to live that close to Walton, he would have a center even bigger. So the Sonic coach went out and got Burleson, who measured 7'4" in North Carolina but was taped at closer to 7'2" in Washington. Nevertheless, that will allow Russell to shift All-Pro Spencer Haywood from center to the much more comfortable role of forward.

Russell, naturally, is devoting a lot of teaching time to Burleson, but he is quick to say that it is far from being a cram course. "I don't want to crowd him, understand?" Russell says. Cram or not, Burleson is learning quickly because aggressiveness and willingness to work hard are two of his strongest assets. Comparisons with Walton are inevitable. At the moment Burleson is quick to go to the offensive board—but not as quick—and, unlike Walton, he has yet to learn to pace himself, to protect the ball and to make sure his passing lane is clear before unloading. As the big center improves, so will the Sonics.

Although both Golden State and Phoenix will open with new looks, nei-



TOM BURLISON

Centers of Interest

ther is expected to impress anyone. The Warriors have only six men back from the team that lost seven straight games and the division title at the end of last season. One of the best of those, Guard Jeff Mullins, has been incapacitated with a fractured bone in his hand. Rick Barry returns but he can't do it alone, although he will probably shoot in clusters while trying. The Warriors shipped Nate Thurmond to Chicago. Russell to Los Angeles and had to send Clyde Lee to Atlanta as part of a forgotten four-year-old deal. The future is bleak.

Jerry Colangelo, the general manager at Phoenix, likes to wheel and deal. He wheeled in Connie Hawkins, Paul Silas and Neal Walk, then made some more deals and they were gone. It did not help when John Shumate, the team's No. 1 draft choice from Notre Dame, suffered a recurrence of blood clots in his lungs and was sidelined for the year. Last season Phoenix won 30 games. This year the Suns won't rise past 7 a.m.

CONTINUED



MEL DANIELS

The NBA Said No Way

The New York Nets did the ABA—and pro basketball in general—an immense service by bringing Julius Erving up from Virginia and thereby bringing the league title to the Big Apple. The Nets were so impressive last season that the NBA Celtics, Bucks and Knicks all found reasons not to play them in exhibitions this year. They were well advised. The young and gifted Nets are one year older and more gifted.

Dr. J. gave the fans a scare when his sore knees drove him to seven orthopedic specialists and kept him off the playgrounds all summer. Now sporting \$150 worth of knee braces, Erving seems as mobile as ever, soaring up for his dazzling stuffs and bringing down the house. Larry Kenon—Mr. K.—was sixth in the league in rebounding last season and third off the offensive boards. The third forward spot is the Nets' biggest problem. Wendell Ladner, second only to the Doctor in receipt of fan mail, is out at least until December and possibly for the

entire season following knee surgery.

At guard, Coach Kevin Loughery has a wealth of talent. Until John Williamson returns from his knee operation, Billy Melchionni will start alongside Brian Taylor. Melchionni, who lost his job to Williamson last year, spent the summer working into top condition. Behind them are Mike Gale and rookie Al Skinner, touted highly by Erving who played with him in Long Island schoolyards.

The challenge to the Nets in their own division will come from Kentucky, a very different team from the one New York trounced 4-0 in the Eastern finals. Coach Hubie Brown brings to his new job personal charm, basketball expertise and a thorough knowledge of the Milwaukee Bucks' style of patterned offense that he acquired as Larry Costello's assistant. Brown also has brought in playbooks, charts, drills and a magnetic board to demonstrate plays.

For Center Artis Gilmore, heretofore the undisputed big man in Kentucky, Brown's system constitutes a radical change, one to which he may have difficulty adjusting. Gilmore will be depended on less defensively, and will have to learn to participate in offensive patterns.

Brown's style is a help-out, pressure defense and a continuity offense, ideally with 30 to 35 fast breaks a game. When the break fails to materialize—both Gilmore and rebounder Jim Bradley are slow with the outlet pass—Kentucky will set up and try to get the ball to the open man farthest from the basket.

Brown will use his cornermen in the NBA-style, pairing a large forward with a small—Dan Issel or Bradley opposite Wilbert Jones or Marv Roberts. The guards, too, come in pairs—Ted McClean with perennial All-Star Louie Dampier, Bird Averitt with Joe Hamilton. Issel also has been doubling as backup center. Because of Gilmore's limitations, the breaks in Brown's offense often work better with Issel in the pivot.

Memphis has a lot of new faces. Also a new coach, Joe Mullaney, a new owner, Mike Storen, a new general manager, Bob Bass, a new name—the Sounds—and new uniforms. All of which adds up, hopefully, to a new uncancelable lease

on life, plus a shot at finishing third in the East and making the playoffs. "We may be new," observes Mullaney. "But we're not rookies." Indeed not. The Sounds' starters have three things in common. They are old, experienced and have been acquired from other clubs: George Carter (30, six pro years, Virginia), Julius Keye (28, five, Denver), Freddie Lewis (31, eight, Indiana), Chuck Williams (28, four, Kentucky). The fifth, and the rock upon which the refranchised franchise rests, is Mel Daniels (30, seven, Indiana). Because of Daniels, the Sounds will at least be competitive, a new experience for Memphis.

At the bottom of the division, the Virginia Squires and the Spirits of St. Louis are also liberally using the adjective new. It will get them nowhere. Virginia Coach Al Bianchi has been around for a long time, but none of his players has. Former Owner Earl Foreman, who set a world record for unloading talent, finally unloaded his team to a group that says it will change the Squires' image.

The preseason roster included seven rookies, the most prominent being David Vaughn of Oral Roberts and Roscoe Pondexter of Long Beach State. Bianchi will lean heavily on Johnny Neumann, now at forward, who has skills but has seldom used them.

The Spirits used to be the Carolina Cougars, most of whose front office and coaching staff are now in Denver. Among the ex-Cougar Spirits is Forward Joe Caldwell, who is expensive, aging and troublesome. A court ruling will decide whether the Spirits get Billy Cunningham, who decamped for Philadelphia in the NBA with a year to go on a disputed contract. The Spirits will get Doc Chaney in 1975, after he plays out his option with the Celtics. Meanwhile, they are scrambling for competent guards. They do have three No. 1 draft picks in uniform—Marvin Barnes, Maurice Lucas and Fly Williams—all of whom carry big price tags and pose potential discipline problems for Coach Bob MacKinnon. Their most promising rookie is Gus Gerard, a 6' 8" cornerman from Virginia. It will be all MacKinnon can do to keep his own spirits up.

CONTINUED

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PRO BASKETBALL—ABA WESTERN



ROGER MALONE

Go West, Get Mugged

That other division is really tough," says Nets' Assistant Coach Rod Thorn, happy not to be in it. "Out there, teams are going to have to win 47 or 48 games to make the playoffs." San Antonio Coach Tom Nissalke's analysis is more succinct than most such pronouncements: "Any team can finish first or last." Last year his Spurs finished smack in the middle. They should do considerably better this time, up to a bona fide shot at the divisional title.

The principal reason is Rookie of the Year Sven Nater. In last year's All-Star Game, Nater's play at center so impressed veteran Mel Daniels, his teammate for the evening, that Daniels took himself out of the game. The two faced off in the exhibition season, and Nater overwhelmed Daniels, as he did the strong Southern California summer league. "We knew he could score and rebound," says Nissalke, "but now he's going to be one of the keys to our defensive improvement."

Nissalke also looks for better defense from All-Star Forward George Gervin, who was the ABA's fourth best scorer last year but something of a liability at the other end of the floor. The Spurs' backcourt will be steadier, with George Karl, 1973 Rookie of the Year James Silas and Donnie Freeman, picked up from Indiana. Freeman was unhappy at Indiana and fits into Nissalke's controlled, patterned game.

Utah, last year's divisional champ, came through the summer without having to abandon Salt Lake City, but appears to have been abandoned by Willie Wise and Jammy Jones. The Stars do have a pleasant surfeit of centers. After unloading Zelmo Beatty, they picked up Jim Eakins from Virginia, Randy Denton from Memphis (in "exchange" for Coach Joe Mullaney) and Moses Malone from the clutches of Maryland's Lefty Driesell. Moses has already earned a nickname (Sweet Mo) and the dubious honor of carrying the equipment bag. He even shows signs of earning his salary. He is poised, graceful and strong off the boards. Sweet Mo also hit on better than 50 percent of his shots in preseason.

Eakins and Denton are journeyman performers who will allow Coach Buckey Buckwalter to bring Malone around slowly. Willie Wise, one of the ABA's premier forwards, ended his holdout, but then went awol again. Until Jones ends his—or if he doesn't—Ron Boone can man the backcourt ably. But, without Wise, the Stars are the weakest guns in the West.

At Indiana, Freeman was not the only unhappy veteran sent packing: Mel Daniels, Freddie Lewis and Roger Brown are now in Memphis. The new Pacers look is explained by General Manager John Weissert. "Like the automakers, we want to put out a streamlined and modernized product at a reduced cost." Coach Slick Leonard agrees that his team was not hungry last year. "There wasn't that *will* to win a title anymore." One consequence of losing the salaries of Daniels and Lewis was that Indiana could offer enough to keep George McGinnis in town.

McGinnis, with whom the Knicks had

a serious summertime flirtation, is the nucleus of the suddenly young Indiana club. Make it two nuclei, with original Pacer Bob Netolicky back from San Antonio at center. Prize rookie Center Len Elmore has been a disappointment—he is slow, overweight and timid. However, Forward Billy Knight of Pittsburgh shows excellent promise, perhaps enough to leap over leapin' Darnell Hillman into the starting lineup. The Pacers have three quality guards, too: defensive expert Don Buse, rebounder and scorer Kevin Joyce, and newly mustachioned sparkplug Billy Keller.

The Denver Nuggets are another revamped contender. General Manager Carl Scheer, Coach Larry Brown and Assistant Doug Moe migrated to the mile-high city when their Carolina franchise seemed about to go under, and the team has enough incentive after missing the playoffs last year.

Dave Robisch continues at center, with Mike Green and Bobby Jones in the corners. Jones, from North Carolina, is an early candidate for Rookie of the Year. The pressing, hustling defense is spearheaded by Mack Calvin and Fatty Taylor (from Carolina and Virginia). Ralph Simpson must adjust to Brown's style and his new role as swingman.

After the first preseason win, Brown expressed his gratitude. "Why are you thanking us?" Calvin asked. "Because you worked hard and won." Brown answered. "Then you'll be thanking us a lot this year," Calvin said, his smile a mile wide.

The San Diego Q's, with Chamberlain out of the picture, are still a few players away from contending in a tough division. The most valuable commodity on the roster is 6'11" Center Caldwell Jones. One of the ABA's best young guards is 6'1" Bo Lamar, and Tim Bassett is a horse of a forward. Wanted: a second forward who can play defense, and a big guard. Interim Coach Alex Groza moves his team into the 13,650-seat Sports Arena, which should help raise both money and morale. Groza's notion is to shift the Q's away from Wilt's unstructured, laissez-faire, free-shooting style and toward a more disciplined defense, too. **END**

**PURE QUALITY.
JUST LIKE ALWAYS.**



...and an
...of water
...room.

small du Barry. Put in each cup
of cooked cauliflower, a teaspoon
of cooked rice and a sprinkling of
diced mixed almonds.

Scotch Broth

...in place of barley, if you prefer.
...it is done before the soup is to
...red.

...the fat and cut the lean meat
...red.

...chicken from
...a half pound of butter, or more if
...an onion, half a carrot, a
...the onion and butter in a deep fat
...oven, and cook for 10 minutes.
...add water to a boiling point. Add
...a cup of barley to the soup and
...old (brown) rice or the same
...a) Simmer for 1 hour or more.
...is tender. Remove the bones and
...oup and strain the fat.

...in a pan
...tablespoons butter.

A large
...flower of this grow
...Have the butcher cut in 3 inch lengths
...1 1/2 pounds small
...Sprinkle with
...Flour
...Salt and pepper
...Meat in a deep kettle
...3 tablespoons fat
...Add the onion. Cook 10 minutes, turn-
...ing to brown on all sides. Add
...2 quarts Brown Stock (p. 70), con-
...stant or water
...Simmer until the meat falls away from
...the bones (2 or 3 hours). Remove the
...bones. Add
...1/2 cup diced carrot
...1/2 cup diced turnip
...1/2 cup diced onion
...1/2 cup diced celery
...Simmer until the vegetables are soft
...Add
...1 teaspoon lemon juice
...1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire
...Add 1/2 cup water to make about 1 1/2
...quarts. Heat

Chicken Soups

...color, brown the pieces of chicken
...at last.

Use the leftover cooked chicken meat
in any way you like, such as in creamed
chicken duhies or in salads or sandwiches.

Pressure-cooked. Use an art onion and
lots of meat from bottles, some chicken
or leftover, wrapping the plates and the
platter. Put with the onion and
Add a slice each
a few crabs in
more onion.
day last, 2
and 1/2 in

Add any
necessary. Add
lean 2 cup
bring up to
30 minutes. 1-4
mally.

Strain the broth and
If there is enough for
fate and the broth, and
off most of the fat.

Chicken Soup

Season homemade or canned chicken
stock to taste. If convenient, add 1 table-
spoon of cream and cooked chicken to each
2 cups of soup. Salt and flavor, add
finely diced peas or
or minced parsley.

...by adding cream or a little boiled
rice. Add 3 tablespoons uncooked rice
or 1/2 cup of soup and cook about
15 minutes.

Chicken Stock, Broth or Bouillon

...nemade chicken stock is particularly
...uous. Save the broth when you poach
...hen (p. 214) for salads, adding sea-
...ing such as celery tops to improve the
...on. For superior flavor and darker

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A GOOD LOOK AT THE SERIES

The more than 49 million viewers who tuned in each of the five World Series games on television saw nine outstanding performers: Rollie Fingers, Dick Green, Catfish Hunter, Joe Ferguson, Steve Garvey, Mike Marshall, Vin Scully, Joe Garagiola and the extra camera in center field.

That added camera, used extensively for the first time during the playoffs preceding the Series, enabled NBC to vividly depict a dimension of outfield play that most people had never seen. The majority of baseball telecasts utilize center-field cameras but they are employed only to show the catcher sending out signs to the pitcher and to pinpoint exactly where pitches are thrown. NBC's extra camera concerned itself with the attempts of men to intercept the flight of batted balls and the problems he encounters with fences, white-shirted crowds, sunlight and in making relay throws. Many of the sequences from center field were excellent, particularly the one during the ninth inning of the first game when Oakland's Joe Rudi and Bill North leaped against the barrier in Dodger Stadium trying to pull back a home run by J.A.'s Jim Wynn. When North returned to the ground, he thought the ball was in his glove. He and Rudi did double takes when they discovered it was not, and North kicked the fence in frustration. NBC showed reruns of that dramatic play from three different angles, ampling anyone with even a limited knowledge of baseball to sense the intense concern that grips players when a 3-1 lead suddenly shrinks to 1-2 with the home team batting in the last inning of a Series game.

During the two games played in Los Angeles, the telecasts were enhanced not only by that extra eye in the outfield but by added insight in the announcing booth, where Scully joined NBC's Curt Gowdy and Tony Kubek. The Dodger announcer's low-key style, thorough preparation and expert repartage bring a delightful element to baseball viewing. As early as the fifth inning of the first game Scully pointed out a seemingly insignificant item that proved—as he predicted it would—to be a big factor in Los Angeles' undoing. Asked by Kubek about the Dodgers' ability to adapt to Oakland's outside pitching, Scully said, "If they have it in their minds to pull, they'll pull—and go

right down the drain during so." At another point during the same game the Dodgers had three runners on base with two out and were in position to break the contest open when a gentle fly was hit in left field. A giant roar went up in Dodger Stadium. Even before Joe Rudi and the cameras zeroed in on the ball, Scully had told his viewers all they needed to know: "The crowd is looking at that with their hearts," he said.

When Marshall relieved with pinch runner Herb Washington on first in the ninth inning of Game 2, Scully announced Marshall was an excellent bet to pick off Washington. He did just that, and three replays clearly showed Scully had not made a lucky guess. Marshall had trapped Washington so artfully that the sprinter had about as much chance of getting back to first as Chief Brumide.

As dictated by NBC's contract with major league baseball, Scully was replaced by A's announcer Monte Moore when the Series shifted to Oakland. There are more melodramatic subplots involving the A's than there are on *The Love of Nigger*, but viewers heard very little from Moore about them. Curt Gowdy seems to know only three things about the A's and you can set your watch by them. He also announces that Sal Bando's wife is an excellent Italian-style cook, how Jim Hunter got the name "Catfish" and how far Reggie Jackson's home run traveled in the 1971 All-Star Game.

The performances of Moore, Gowdy and Kubek were major disappointments for viewers, as was the absence of a replay of Rudi's Series-winning home run. Otherwise, NBC was rewarded for the quality of its production by ratings that indicated this was the second-most watched Series ever—a remarkable achievement considering that it was also an all-California Series. The most-viewed Series was last year's between the A's and Mets, which was seen by 54 million people per



LOW-KEY WIN SCULLY WAS HIGH MAN UP IN THE BOOTH

game. It had several advantages. The first Sunday game in '73 was the longest Series game ever televised and carried so far into prime time that it drew a huge nighttime audience, teams from both coasts were involved, and the playoffs preceding the Series had been dramatic, five-game affairs.

Last year's Series had one more edge. *The Baseball World of Joe Garagiola* was never hampered off the air. That happened last week because of President Ford's Tuesday-night speech. For fans, missing out on one of Garagiola's little specialties was almost as demoralizing as the economic news that knocked him off the air. Although technically only a warmup for the network's telecasts, Garagiola's *World* touches on subjects far more significant or entertaining than who scored the runs. His two-part show with Gates Brown, the Tiger who spent two years in prison, was one of the best programs shown on TV this summer, and his Series games with Dodger Pitcher Andy Messersmith explaining how to blow big-league bubblebs was a masterful ploy. By using excellent replays before the fourth game Garagiola was able to evoke the frustration the "snake-bit" Dodgers felt after losing Game 3. Garagiola is doing more with his *World* than he gets credit for. And NBC, with help from an extra camera and an extraordinary added broadcaster, should be credited with doing more than ever with the World Series.

END

When playing Temple, pray

Persuading local heroes to stay home, the Owls' Wayne Hardin built a power that has dropped opponents to their knees 13 straight times

Forget all that old business about desire, dedication and do or die. Temple's Wayne Hardin has hit on a new formula that seems as simple as it is surefire. Take one heavy dose of loneliness. Mix well with a dash of rejection and disillusionment. Stir in a few assorted longings—for a clean pair of socks, say, a cold beer or a fatway girl friend—and presto! You've got a 13-game winning streak.

That more or less is the concoction that has brought sudden acclaim—and, not coincidentally, an influx of talented transfers—to Temple. The fact that the once-powerless Owls won their last eight games in 1973 and are 5-0 this season, rank among the nation's top five teams in scoring, passing and total offense, lead in the Lambert Trophy standings as the best team in the East and last week put a 56-0 whammy on Holy Cross has prompted some rivals to suggest that Hardin, the Wizard of Broad Street, is practicing something akin to witchcraft.

Nonsense, he says. The conjuring that caused a dozen refugee players to come to Temple's aid this season involves nothing so tangible as eye of newt or wing of bat. "It's just plain homesickness," says Hardin. "Yes, if I had to point to one reason why we are having such success with transfers, I would have to say homesickness."

Hardin got into the jock founding home business by accident as well as necessity. Two hours after he arrived at the north Philadelphia campus on Jan. 12, 1970 he sped off to Havertown, Pa. to court Quarterback Steve Joachim (pronounced "Jo-ak-im"), a high school All-America. Joachim, already committed to Penn State, responded with the kind of polite indifference that Hardin soon came to expect. The problem is not just that Temple's recruiting grounds are also raked over by many of the glamorous football powers. Because they live so close to the school, prospects tend to have the kind of preconceived notions

about Temple that sidestep Go West or somewhere, anywhere else—young man.

Temple is known as the college that deemphasized football so effectively after World War II that by the late 1950s, when it sometimes was unable to suit up more than 28 players against such teams as Drexel, Scranton and Gettysburg, it lost 21 straight games. In many minds it is the "city school," an architectural mishmash bounded by tenements, interlaced with congested streets and patrolled by neighborhood winos. And its student body is regarded as a busy rush of commuters whose enthusiasm for Temple teams was expressed one year when they elected a shaggy-maned male student as homecoming queen and a mongrel dog as his escort.

Hardin has gone a long way toward changing that image by the power of suggestion. "What ghetto?" he says. "That's way off there somewhere. That's not here. This is a university."

When a prospect seems reluctant, Hardin will recall the days when, as a high-school tailback in Stockton, Calif., he decided at the last moment to stay home and attend the College of the Pacific instead of going to USC.

"And I'm glad I did," he will tell the young man. "You don't have to go far away to grow up. You can live on campus like I did. There won't be any parents here bugging you. And whenever you want to you can shoot home for a good meal, but did for a couple of bucks and, what was very important for me, drop off a bag of laundry. Your parents have raised you for 18 years and they love you, and they deserve to see you play. You run off somewhere where nobody knows you, and that won't be possible." Then, eyes narrowing and voice lowering, he will plant the seed. "You'll get homesick, too. And believe me that's a bad sickness."

Few of the most widely prized pros-

pects take heed. Not even when Assistant Coach Vince Hoch conducts a tour to prove that there is indeed a big, vital university of 30,000 students concealed somewhere behind all those concrete walls. "Sure, grass and trees are nice," goes Hoch's pitch, "but after awhile they get boring. The city is where it's happening."

Something rubs off for, sure enough, on several occasions Hoch and other coaches have returned home late of a night to find a former high school all-everything parked on their doorsteps asking to be transferred to Temple. The reasons vary. Halfback Bob Harris, for example, went to Florida A&M hoping to gain the kind of fame won by his hero, Bob Hayes, but found that he was lost in the scuffle of "105 guys trying out for a 55-man roster. I couldn't adjust to it."

Others, raised in the city proper, discovered that small-town college life, where the main diversion is going to the town square and looking at the cannon, did not make it. Linebacker Rich Taber, who lasted all of two weeks at West Virginia, says of Morgantown, "There was nothing. I mean nothing, out there. You couldn't even go to the corner for a beer." Tight End Jeff Stempel never even made it to Pittsburgh. "When they didn't come through on their promise of a summer



JOACHIM IS PHILADELPHIA'S LATEST IDOL

job," he says, "I decided I didn't have to live up to my commitment, either." Tackle Joe Judge spent one loveless year at VPI before caving in. "Well," he says, digging his size 12s into the turf, "there was this girl back home and, well, you know..."

Among the most welcomed—and the most chagrined—defectors was the once-abled Joachim. "I had dreams of being an All-American," he says, "but as soon as I got to Penn State they switched to a running attack, using sprint-outs and options—things I don't do very well. When I wasn't starting in my second year I decided to go back where I could play right away."

Poor Holy Cross could not stop Temple's rampaging transfers from moving in any direction last week. Harris, an explosive, shot-from-a-gun type of runner, took off on one 45-yard tear, and Jerry Concilio, late of Syracuse, added another that was good for 36. Stempel and P. J. Calin, a renegade receiver from Michigan, accounted for a total of five receptions and three touchdowns. Tager picked off an interception while Judge buttressed the defensive line.

The day, however, and all those impressive numbers that place him among the national leaders in total offense, belonged to Joachim. A strapping 6'4" and 217 pounds, he finished off Holy Cross's all-out blitzes like a Roman Gabriel among Pop Warner leaguers. Two of his five touchdown passes were launched while he was being pulled to the ground. Another time, with Crusaders hanging on all available appendages, he delivered a long lateral left-handed. "Once again," said an elated Hardin, "Steve proved beyond all shadow of a doubt that he's the best in the country."

Certainly there is a happy communion between this quarterback who says, "Basically I'm a flinger," and this coach whose avowed philosophy is "Throw it!" Temple's free-for-all attack is reminiscent of the early 1960s when Hardin's Navy teams, paced by such dazzlers as Roger Staubach and Joe Bellino, finished as high as No. 2 and No. 4 in the national rankings.

Though possessed by all kinds of do-or-die spirit these days, the Owls are not yet aspiring to such giddy heights. If, however, they can get by the formidable likes of Delaware, Pittsburgh and West Virginia in the coming weeks they will undoubtedly merit Top 20 ranking and

a bowl bid, which would please Hardin no end.

There have been some uncertain years since he was eased out of his Navy post in 1964 in a squabble over administrative duties. Hardin, who spent one season with the Philadelphia Bulldogs of the old Continental League and two years selling trailer hitches in Lodi, Calif. before coming to Temple, insists that coaching a team that until three years ago was listed in the small college division is "in no way a comedown."

An emotional man, his eyes well up with tears when he talks about his boyhood and "the debt I owe athletics. I like to think that we help kids. What difference does it make at what level you play? Everybody I know has a big-time program in their hearts."

Though he says, "Now that we're winning, the better players will come to us in the first place," he still holds in reserve another inspirational message called "Acres of Diamonds," a tale made famous by the founder of Temple. Hardin begins by showing the face of a watch with the tiny letters *o w l s* surrounded by... diamonds? "Ah, yes, diamonds," he says, cuing himself for the story about a Persian farmer who searches the world for gems only to die destitute a few days before acres of precious stones are discovered on his own land.

"The point is," says Hardin, "whatever you're looking for is right in your own backyard." If the Owls keep winning, there soon may be some people in the backyards of Philadelphia who will believe that even if acres of diamonds do not surround the Temple campus, there really is no ghetto out there.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH

A sign posted by a shrimp wholesaler along the North Carolina coast said it all: "Notice to boat captains. State plays Carolina Saturday. We have tickets. If you plan to work that day, please take enough ice to hold until Monday." And so the fans came to Chapel Hill for the Atlantic Coast Conference showdown. What they saw was a 33-14 Tar Heel victory in which Tackle Rod Broadway came up with a Wolf-pack fumble, blocked a pass and three times

lowered the boom on State quarterbacks.

Wake Forest lost to Maryland 47-0, running its string of scoreless periods to 18. During that span the Deacons have been outscored 210-0. Coach Chuck Mills, speaking out against Wake Forest's high academic requirements, noted, "As the Japanese say, *toko no towa guri*—destroying one's self as the octopus eats its own tentacles when it becomes hungry. The obvious thing wrong with college athletics is that the policies are made by people not in the trenches. Let's use the Greek. The word is *Thousar*. It's an instinctive desire for death."

Clemson held off Duke three times within its 10-yard line to salvage a 17-13 win, and Virginia squeaked past Virginia Tech 28-27.

On hand to see if Kentucky could beat LSU for the first time since 1960 were 57,000 people, the largest crowd ever to see a sporting event other than the Derby in the state. They liked what they saw as John Pierce gave the Wildcats a 6-3 halftime lead with field goals of 37 and 48 yards. In pulling off a 20-13 Southeastern Conference upset the Wildcats pounced on three Tiger fumbles. Still, it remained for Sonny Collins to break a 13-11 tie by carrying five times in a row and scoring on the last effort.

Robert Fraley of Alabama went into a game against Tennessee as the team's No. 3 quarterback and emerged as No. 1. Gary Rutledge and Richard Todd, the two best signal callers for the Crimson Tide, were injured earlier in the year, and when Fraley directed Alabama to all four of its touchdowns, he earned top billing. Also helping out was Willie Shelby, who booted 13 and 19 yards for TDs as Alabama took this SEC affair 28-6.

Matt Robinson plunged one yard for a touchdown with 24 seconds left, giving Georgia a 38-31 win over Vanderbilt. The other conference teams beat outsiders, though Auburn's defense, best in the nation going into a game against Georgia Tech, was badly tarnished. Tech ran for 280 yards and pined 335 overall, but two blocked punts helped the Tigers build a 17-0 lead on the way to a 31-22 victory. Florida Quarterback Don Gaffney, who had been heavily booed in earlier games, took the Gators in for a TD on his first series of downs en route to a 24-14 win. He threw only twice, but both times was on the money. First came a 36-yarder that set up a field goal. Then, with a third-and-one play in the third quarter, he checked off at the line, called a pass to Tight End Alvin Derby and turned it into a 63-yard TD. South Carolina beat Mississippi 10-7 and freshman Dennis Johnson set a school record by rushing for 198 yards as Mississippi State nipped Memphis State 29-28 on Rocky Felker's two-point conversion.

1. Alabama (8-0)

2. Auburn (6-0) 3. Maryland (4-3)

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

WEST USC Coach John McKay, who usually can find something bright to say even on the cloudiest day, was strangely silent after the Trojans' unspectacular 16-7 win over Oregon. As for Anthony Davis and Chris Limahelu, they let their feet do the talking. Davis had 160 yards on 38 carries and Limahelu, a 5' 5", 130-pounder who was the MVP on his high school tennis and wrestling teams, hit three field goals.

Washington State, trailing 17-13, drove to the UCLA one-yard line in the fourth quarter. Four cracks at the middle failed, and the Bruins then ran out the clock. It was on the three-yard line that California stopped Oregon State to preserve a 17-14 win. In another Pacific Eight game Stanford doubled up on Washington 34-17.

Dows 16-6 to Navy in the fourth period, Air Force seemed on the way to its fifth loss in a row. Then the Falcons scored 13 points in the last 8½ minutes to prevail 19-16.

Two freshman quarterbacks—Dennis Sprout and Bruce Hardy—led Arizona State past Utah 32-0. Sprout tossed two touchdown passes and built up a 20-0 margin before Hardy (54, April 29, 1973) made his varsity debut. Earlier in the day, in a freshman game in Albuquerque, Hardy had completed 14 of 25 for 198 yards and two touchdowns as the Sun Devils beat New Mexico 54-27. After flying back to Tempe for a night contest against the Utes, he was on target with five of six attempts for 73 yards and added 28 yards on six runs.

In other Western AC competition, New Mexico rallied from a 21-3 deficit, got a 100-yard scoring run on an interception by Bob Johnson and shocked Wyoming 32-21, and Gary Sbeide passed for 388 yards and five TDs as BYU initiated UTLF 45-21.

San Diego State trounced San Jose State 48-14 in a matchup of Pacific Coast AC favorites, shredding the Spartan defense for 472 yards, 230 of them on the 17-for-24 passing of Craig Penrose.

1. USC (8-1)

2. Arizona (8-1) 3. Arizona State (4-1)

EAST Aided by a controversial ruling and a successful fourth-down gamble, Miami nipped West Virginia 21-20. Late in the fourth period the Mountaineers argued that their punt to midfield had struck a Hurricane player's foot, and that they had recovered the ball. Ernie Jones, the player in question, admitted after the game that the ball had hit him, but what counted was the officials' verdict that it had not. Then, at fourth-and-16, Miami went for it. Kary Baker passed. Split End Steve Marcantonio hurtled through the air, caught the ball one-handed, and the Hurricanes were on the Mountaineer 22. A 12-yard pass from Baker to Larry Bates tied the score and Chris Dennis kicked the decisive PAT.

continued

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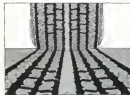
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Tony Dorsett of Pitt scampered 191 yards in 14 carries against Boston College. Included in his three-touchdown performance were gulches of 61 and 74 yards as the Panthers frolicked 35-11.

Penn State, frequently suffering from shoddy play at the outset of its games this season, was again caught off guard. This time it was Syracuse that threw the scare, a 77-yard scoring pass from Jim Donoghue to Split End Lonnie Aligood on the first play from scrimmage. The Orangemen built their lead to 14-3 before the Nittany Lions were thrown down, amassing 530 yards in a 30-14 victory.

Fullback John Souza broke loose on an off-tackle play designed for short yardage and went 51 yards for the game's only touchdown as Dartmouth held off Brown 7-6 in an Ivy League tussle. Harvard, behind 21-10 at the half, came up with 29 third-period punts to put down Cornell 39-27. Yale hoped Columbia 42-2, and in non-conference games Penn beat Lafayette 37-7 and Princeton brushed off Colgate 33-24.

1. Penn State (8-1)

2. Pittsburgh (4-3) 3. Temple (8-0)

MIDWEST

"If they have a weakness, we'll exploit it," said Indiana Coach Lee Corso before taking on Ohio State Final score: Ohio State 49, Explorers 9. For the first time since the invention of Woody Hayes, the Buckeyes threw passes on their first two downs. Only one was complete, but from there on they did little wrong. In all, 84 Buckeyes played as the offense accumulated 568 yards, an average of 8.2 a try. Archie Griffin fumbled for 146 yards in 22 trips, scored twice and set a Big Ten all-time rushing record with a total of 3,523 yards, though only midway through his junior year. Quarterback Cornelius Greene had 330 yards in total offense—nine in 11 passes for 235 yards, 11 rushes for 95 more. When it was all over Corso said, "Greene gets through holes that aren't even on the blackboard—philly! It was a thrill for us today—really neat—because we learned a lot."

Wisconsin put up a rousing struggle before succumbing to Michigan 24-20. Bidger Quarterback Gregg Bollig may have been right when he said, "We needed just another minute or two," for he brought his team back from a 21-7 disadvantage.

Fifty years ago Red Grange and Memorial Stadium in Champaign were the pride of Illinois, especially when the Galloping Ghost put on his five-touchdown performance against Michigan in the first game there. Last week Grange helped commemorate the anniversary of that event at the now-crumbling stadium. "I guess I'm a lousy football fan," he said. "I can't watch a full game." But Grange did watch as the Illini fought Michigan State to a 21-21 standoff.

Three short touchdown runs by Quarterback Mark Vitali lifted Purdue over Northwestern 31-26 in another Big Ten encounter, and Rick Upchurch raced 86 yards for a TD on Minnesota's first offensive play, winding up with 210 yards in 21 carries as the Gophers downed Iowa 23-17.

"The holes were so numerous that sometimes I didn't know which ones to go through," said Joe Washington after scoring four touchdowns as Oklahoma crunched Big Eight foe Colorado 49-14. Washington's 200 yards rushing were the most ever by one runner against the Buffaloes, who were also roughed up for the most yards rushing (594) and the highest total yardage (641) they have ever yielded in one game.

After being whopped 56-0 by Nebraska, Kansas Coach Don Fambrough said, "This was the most embarrassing day of my life." For David Humm of the Huskers it was the finest day as he connected on 23 of 27 passes for 210 yards and hit Don Westbrook for three touchdowns.

In another Big Eight confrontation, sophomore Tailback Mike Williams ran for 162 yards as Iowa State defeated Kansas State 23-16. And up-and-down-again Missouri went down 31-7 to Oklahoma State, which got 152 yards rushing from George Palmer.

Another 50th anniversary was celebrated at South Bend with the reuniting of the 1924 Notre Dame team that Grantland Rice helped memorialize with his account of how the Four Horsemen trampled Army that day. V-T Army would gladly have savored that score again. As it turned out, the Cadets were annihilated 48-0. Doing the most damage were Wayne Bullock, who ran for 112 yards and two touchdowns, and Inge Al Samuel, who scored for 124 yards.

Miami of Ohio won a Mid-American game from Bowling Green 34-10. In non-conference battles, Toledo beat Dayton 38-27, Ohio blitzed Morehead State 49-10 and Kent State lost to Utah State 27-24. Independent Cincinnati whipped Wichita State 43-0.

In the third period of a game between Delaware and Wilmington at the latter's home grounds in Ohio on Oct. 12, Ron Early of the host Quakers took off with the ball from his 30-yard line. He broke loose and then suddenly realized a runner's dream as he literally vanished. The frog had become so pesky that it enveloped him and he was credited with a 62-yard TD run by an official who followed him into the eerie dimness. That put Wilmington in front 17-7. It also brought about a suspension of the game until the following Monday, when the final 28-48 was played without a score. Five days later, in bright sunshine, Wilmington registered a more conventional win by drubbing Manchester 31-13-10.

1. Ohio State (8-0)

2. Oklahoma (8-0) 3. Michigan (8-0)

SOUTHWEST

Arizona, averaging 435 yards and 30 points a game, visited Texas Tech and lost for the first time, 17-8. Red Raider Quarterback Tommy Dunne completed six of 10 passes before being hurt late in the first half of what was then a scoreless game, but Don Roberts did a fine job of guiding the team thereafter. Faced with a third-and-five at the Wildcat 14, Roberts passed six yards to keep the drive going. Later he hit Lawrence Williams with a six-yard scoring pass and the Raiders were on their way. The defense did its job, too, limiting the Wildcats to 280 yards.

Some Texas fans were edgy when the Longhorns took a 3-0 lead over Arkansas on a 45-yard field goal by Mike Dean. After all, the last four times they had led by that score the Longhorns had wound up losing. Other Texans still fretted about Fullback Roosevelt "Leks" off-season knee operation. But soon it was back "em horns all over the place as Texas crushed the Razorbacks in a Southwest Conference meeting 38-7. Doing the most to dispel Texans' fears was Earl Campbell, a 225-pound freshman who rumbled 68 yards for the first Longhorn TD and set up another when, serving as a mangle guard, he blocked a punt. As for Leks, he carried nine times for 58 yards.

TCU was spotted by Texas A&M, which stole five tosses and allowed eight comple-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: During a 56-0 conquest of Kansas, Nebraska Quarterback David Humm set three Big Eight passing records as he hit on 15 tosses in a row, made good on 85% of his tries and raised his career touchdown total to 36.

DEFENSE: Rick Kukulica made eight unanswered tackles from his defensive tackle spot, was in on two others and anchored a goal line stand tie in the fourth quarter that helped UCI A hold off a stubborn Washington State 17-13.

TEAMS: Aggie defenders sacked Horned Frog quarterbacks 13 times for 121 yards in losses, leaving TCU with a net loss of 58 yards rushing. Although the Aggies lost five fumbles, David Walker kept the offense clicking by passing for 220 yards in a 17-0 win.

In further SWC action, sophomore Rocky Wesson started two fourth-quarter battles by passing 13 yards to Freeman Johns for a score with 17 seconds to go as SMI overhauled Rice 19-14. Houston burned Villanova quarterbacks eight times, reeled up 517 yards on offense and won 35-0.

1. Texas A&M (5-5)

2. Texas Tech (4-4) 3. Texas (4-3)

Go tell it on the mountain

**Skippers from the Alps were best
in the Tornado championships**

If your son or daughter says, "Please buy me a Tornado," you might suggest that the kid go climb an Alp. This is not a matter of frivolous disregard for teen-age ambition, but rather a recognition of reality. The nearly 100 competitors participating in the World Tornado Championships, which ended in Hawaii last week, discovered that in Olympic-style competition the Alps are where it's at. Two Austrians, Robert Jessenig and his crewman Hans Polaschegg, bested blue-water sailors from Germany, Canada, England, France, Holland, Australia, New Zealand and the United States.



TWO AUSTRIAN CATS. Jessenig and Polaschegg, read the wind coming through range.

Jessenig's victory gave him his second world title in a class that is only seven years old. He won his first at Travemünde, West Germany, in 1972, the year the International Olympic Committee decided to drop the Star class, among others, and add the Tornados for the 1976 Games in Canada.

To anyone accustomed to the slow, stately maneuvers of the America's Cup, a Tornado race looks as clawingly frantic as a fight among 50 cats (feline, not seahorse). The Tornados sail two triangles and two windward-leeward courses in each race, the legs ranging from 1½ to two miles, for an overall distance of about 18 miles. These centerboard cats, each precisely 20 feet long, 10 feet wide and carrying 235 square feet of sail in a jib and mainsail, are not exactly restful conveyances. Going downwind they must jibe several times, and on the weather and reaching legs their tracks look like the zigzag stitch of a sewing machine.

"We change sides as often as 200 times in a race," says John Weiser Jr. of Honolulu, the 40-year-old helmsman of *Mamuna II*. Changing sides means scrambling under the shifting boom to the trapeze wires and, at least for the crewman, hiking out on the trapeze, feet braced against the rail as the cat rises on one hull or the other.

More Tornado attractions are its speed (more than 20 knots to leeward and 10 to 15 to weather), the need to make hundreds of instant decisions during a race, the unrelenting physical effort involved and the rail-to-rail competition. John Weiser was once an aerobatics pilot. "You flew your patterns all alone," he says. "Judges decided whether you won or lost. I like to see my opposition and react to it, which is why I took up Tornado sailing."

In the championship off Pearl Harbor there was no lack of intimate contact. With 39 to 45 boats entered in each race, congestion at the marks was fierce. In the seventh race, when a wind shift forced placement of the reaching mark inshore, the cats were required to round the weather mark to port, and then proceed to port—directly across the bows of what in Vietnam was called "the incoming."

Before the races, which were sponsored by the Waikiki Yacht Club, the 16 U.S. teams were confident, perhaps overly so. "Wait till we get Jessenig out in blue water with the trade winds to

back. We'll see what he's made of," one crewman declared. "Don't be too sure," cautioned Weiser, who finished second to Jessenig at Travemünde. "He's a very clever fellow, and he has been exposed to almost every kind of wind shift and rough sea there is."

On the first race day the northeast trades blew at a tentative 10 to 12 knots, but this was more than enough for the cats. Reg White, the 38-year-old Englishman who helped invent the Tornado at his Sail Craft Ltd. plant in Brightlingsea, won the start in *Nier Pale* and at the same moment sensed a sharp wind shift. He went toward land on a high starboard tack while most of the fleet mushed out to port—most, but not all. "We just followed Reg," said David McFaul, the skipper of *Bawdwin*. The two cats remained close until the last leg of the race, when the founder unaccountably foundered into a wind hole. *Bawdwin* flashed across the line the winner, and White finished a lame third. Jessenig's *Hartman* was right behind in fourth. The Austrians had done exceedingly well despite the blue sea and the trades, with another entry from the Alps, *Jen*, finishing second.

The Monday trades had been gentle, but on Tuesday they came whistling through the passes of the Koolau Mountains at 20 to 22 knots, with gusts of more than 30 knots. These proved too much for the Austrians. Jessenig, sailing carefully and taking no chances, came in eighth, while Hans and Bernhard Prack in *Jen* capsized and could not right their boat in time to finish. They were by no means the only casualties. Only 29 of the 42 starters crossed the finish line. One Tornado was dismantled, and a Honolulu boat, out of control in a gust, ripped apart the leeward mark. Reg White in *Nier Pale* broke his tiller bar. But the strong winds and steep seas did not bring the expected Hawaiian victory. Bill Hollier, sailing Australia's *Red Rover*, finished first, 96 seconds ahead of California's Roy Seaman in *Pacific Fox*.

If Tuesday's winds had lasted, there is no guessing how the results would have been affected. But on Wednesday the trades subsided to 10 to 12 knots and stayed there throughout the remainder of race week. The emphasis shifted once again to skill at sensing slight wind shifts, knowing the right moment to drive behind a mark or to round it close, finding wind when others could not. It was

continued

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CRICKETEER



**FORTREL
FORSUITS**

an Austrian sort of day, and an all-Austrian finish—Jessenig, Prack, one-two. "This weather I like very much," Jessenig said, a remark that hung like a cloud over the Thursday lay day, causing what might be called the Danube blues among the other contestants.

Jessenig's approach to sailing reminded one of Juan Manuel Fangio, the Grand Prix champion of two decades ago, who once said, "I drive just as slow as I can and still win." In contrast, the Prack brothers, with their Tuesday cupsize and their reckless, borderline hukes, were the Katzenjammer Kids. On Friday the Pracks took the joy out of *Joy*. Humming along on the final leg a good quarter mile ahead of the fleet, the Pracks shot past the finish-line mark on the wrong side, and then failed to go back around the mark and right their ways. Done promptly, it might have preserved the victory; at worst, they would have had a second. Instead, they tacked over to the committee boat and eliminated themselves from a placing. While the Pracks were doing themselves in, Jessenig puttered along to a comfortable seventh-place finish.

The next day *Banulu* won again (it was the only boat to score two firsts), and Jessenig was fourth. On Sunday, Jessenig was third. Werser, in *Maniwa II*, broke his rudder, and while he was trying to limp home (he finished 36th) he told a passing boat, "The pau-paus are very menacing."

Pau-paus? After the race sailor Bruce Harvey explained, "They're what really get you out there! A pau-pau is a gust. If you catch one, you might get a real fast ride for two or three hundred yards. You can't look for pau-paus, though. If you do, you might get a negative pau-pau that slows you down." Harvey is an engaging Californian whose 22 years would seem to belie the fact that he is America's original, most experienced and perhaps most successful Tornado racer. "Our boat is US 1 because it was the very first one here," he says. When he heard in 1967 that Reg White was onto something big, we ordered a Tornado sight unseen. We paid \$2,000 for it. The going price for fiber-glass Tornados now is around \$4,000, with wood hulls running as high as \$6,000.

Some competitors felt the pau-paus, or whatever one wanted to call them—they are simply wind patterns deriving from the fragmentation of the trades by

continued

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BOATING continued

mountains—were making Jessenig particularly effective. "He and the Pracks do a lot of lake sailing, with the Alps all around them," said one skipper. "Maybe other people can't find the pau-paus, but Jessenig can. Today he went way high on the leeward mark and passed 10 boats before the next mark."

The championship scores were cumulative, with each team allowed to discard its worst finish. Jessenig threw out his eighth place, and by Sunday night he led by roughly 11 points over the *Bandido* team, making Monday's final almost, though not quite, a formality. The last race did provide a rousing climax, with 11 boats crossing the finish line in a two-minute period. US 1 was the victor, but Jessenig took second place and the overall title. Afterward, he was asked about the Alpine influence on his ability to read the wind. "These are not mountains!" he said.

John Weiser, happy with his fifth-place finish (10th overall), confessed that he was the inventor of the pau-pau. "It's a phrase I picked up in Tahiti," he said. "The Tahitians believe spirits govern the winds, and pau-pau is how they describe them. I always tell the Californians if they don't believe in pau-paus they can't win, and when one of them says by and asks how I'm doing I always say, 'The pau-paus are very menacing today.'"

Critiquing the regatta, Weiser said, "The first two minutes are telling in Tornado racing. If the wind is filling on a certain side of the line and you get it, you're going to be in close contention. If you're on the wrong side, forget it." *Bandido* was a prime example of the validity of this theory, winning the first race after the radical port tack and losing the seventh after getting off dead last on the wrong side of the line.

Although the Austrians were exultant, there was a good deal of comfort for the U.S. in the results. Eight of the first 12 boats in the final standings wore U.S. colors, with Paul Allen, David McFaul and Bruce Harvey finishing second, third and fourth, respectively. Allen had borrowed his entry, *Rapid Transit System*, just a week before, and when he took over, the craft seemed barely seaworthy, more of a slow bus than a fast cab.

So neither Austria nor the U.S. should have much trouble picking an Olympic team. But Jessenig might have to move some mountains, because there may not be enough around Lake Ontario. **END**



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The NHL's five best teams glided into the season—and fell flat on their rinks, with even Bobby Orr indulging in a rare fit of pique

Early follies on the ice

HEY, Bob," Johnny Bocky said to Bobby Orr, "do you want any tickets for the game?"

"Are you serious?" said Orr. "Who's stupid enough to watch us play hockey?"

Good question, one that players and spectators alike were asking last week not only in Boston but in Montreal, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia as the NHL's five best teams either stumbled from the starting blocks or, in Philadelphia's case, neglected to take up the chase. At one point teams named the Canucks, the Kings and the Islanders all led their divisions, players named Boudrias and Dionne led the scorers even though they had not scored any goals, and goaltenders named Parent, Dryden and Giacomin needed Solarcaine for the burn on the back of their necks from flashing goal lights.

If Clarence Campbell had Pete Rozelle's wisdom he could have said, "What the early season proves, gentlemen, is that on any given Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday any team can beat any other team in the

NHL." Or find a way to beat itself.

The Canadiens are rapidly becoming the Oakland Athletics of the hockey world, with one major difference: the Canadiens don't win the way the A's do. What they do is squabble. Captain Henri Richard, their last link to the glorious past, refused to show up for the opener at the Forum when he learned second-hand that Coach Scotty Bowman would not be dressing him for the game.

Bowman had other troubles with his players. At General Manager Sam Pollock's insistence, the Canadiens are carrying 28 skaters, six more than they can dress for any game. "Make one mistake and you find yourself sitting in the stands," says one Montrealer. "Everyone's scared stiff." Bowman, already famous for playing musical chairs with his lineup, angered the Canadiens last week when one of his impulsive player changes led to their defeat in a game against the New York Islanders. Seconds after Bowman replaced Guy Lafleur with Jacques Lemaire at center, the Islanders scored to break a 3-3 tie. Meanwhile,

MOTORING AT LAST. Boston's Phil Esposito fights through traffic in two-goal game at Philadelphia.

Goaltender Ken Dryden had the yips on long shots. In one game he fanned on a slow dribbler from center ice. The Canadiens are so confused these days that they went to the wrong airport in New York for a flight to St. Louis.

For their part, the Rangers are playing defense rather like the football Giants, permitting almost a touchdown a game, and one night they tied the California Seals 5-5 only because Goaltender Eddie Giacomin braved whiplash and snatched a puck out of the net before the goal judge could locate it. Defenseman Ron Harris retired, and then unretired within the space of 10 hours, before anyone really missed him.

Flying into Chicago last week, Boston's Bruins were winless—and slightly befuddled, having been shelled 9-5 by the Buffalo Sabres and tied 2-2 by the Toronto Maple Leafs. Remember the hug had Bruins? For 50 minutes the Black Hawks bounced these Bruins around Chicago Stadium the way Bruno Sammartino dropkicked Mr. Moto every night. "The only thing we hit," grumbled Boston Coach Don Cherry, "was the ice."

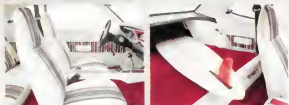
With slightly more than five minutes to play in the game, and with the Black Hawks on their way to a 4-0 rout, Stan Mikita and Bobby Orr locked together in the corner to the left of the Boston goal. Sticks flew up. Elbows shot in and out. Expletives were exchanged. ("Stan's starting to use his stick on people again," Orr said later. "He's using it this year more than I've ever seen.") They broke away from each other, and there was Mikita's helmet on the ice. As play continued in the Boston zone, Orr and Mikita happened to be skating on a collision course, head-on, without seat belts. Suddenly Orr's gloved right hand shot out—and down went Mikita.

"It was a cheap shot," Orr admitted. Mikita, of course, agreed. "Orr's like a kid at times," said Stan. "When you take his top away, he has a fit. He says I speared him. What else do you expect him to say?"

Mikita and Orr met one more time in the final seconds of the game. Orr had the puck and was skating out of the Boston end. He faked Mikita to one side,

continued

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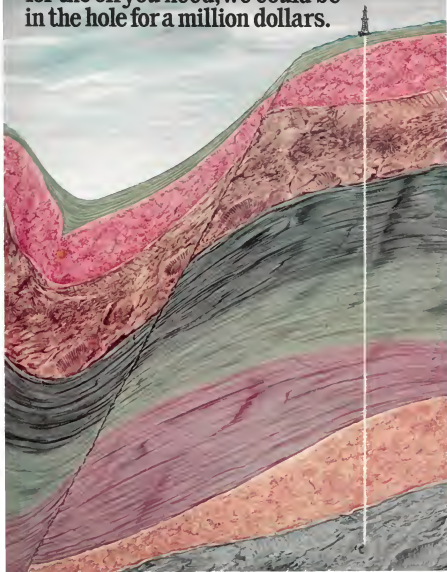
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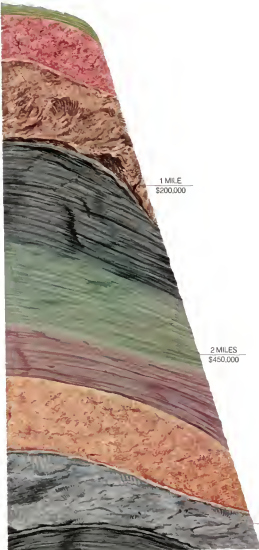


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but as Mikita skated away he slashed at Orr's legs five-iron style with his stick. Orr, incensed, stopped, turned, glared at Mikita and shot the puck at his legs. Said Pat Martin, Mikita's teammate, "Orr gets away with things like that because he's Orr."

Cherry was irate over the performance of the Bruins. "Imagine that," he said. "One guy—and only one—fought back all night. I'll tell you something, that will never happen again around here."

For the Black Hawks it was the first victory after upset losses to Detroit and Atlanta, and as they flew off to Washington, Coach Billy Reay was enthusiastic. "We've got the bad games out of our system now," he said. Not quite. Unbelievably, the Hawks lost to the Capitals 4-3—Washington's first victory in the NHL. "Maybe these guys will listen to me now when I tell them you can't take anything for granted these days," Reay said.

At the same time, in another reversal of form, the Bruins were beating the

Stanley Cup champion Flyers in Philadelphia, 4-1. This was the first meeting of the cup finalists, but the game resembled an intrasquad scrimmage of some Squirrel League club. Last season the Flyers had attacked Orr from both sides, tied Phil Esposito in knots and stick-whipped the Bruins in the corners, but this time they forgot their game plan. "What happened was that we stole Philadelphia's films of the Russians," said Boston's managing director, Harry Sinden, smirking. Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero had said the Flyers won the cup partly because they adopted the Soviet checking patterns for their treatment of Orr and friends. Whatever they did last week was for immature audiences only.

Bobby Clarke slumped on a bench in Philly's dressing room and wondered what was wrong. The Flyers had lost their opening game at home to Los Angeles and they had been "damn lucky," he said, to beat the Kansas City Scouts in their third game. "Complacency?" said Clarke. "That's got to be one thing

wrong with us, sure. We've always worked for what we wanted; now we don't seem to be working." Another new problem is that the Flyers now are *Numero Uno*. "We are finding out that other clubs point to beat the best," Clarke said. "It used to be that we wanted to beat some club to prove something. Now it's the other way around."

He studied the statistics of the game. Esposito had taken nine shots at Bernie Parent, scoring on two of them. "Nine shots?" Clarke said, shaking his head and smiling. "Nine shots!" What Clarke did not say was that he had played head-to-head against Esposito most of the game and, while Clarke owned the face-off circle, Esposito owned the slot. Despite the victory, the Bruins were hardly cocky. "Something still is missing," Esposito said. "We're not right mentally or physically. Not yet." But the NHL's schedule may cure that. The Bruins do not play Chicago or Philadelphia again for almost three months. Maybe by then Orr will want a few tickets.

END

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN BLOODY MARY.

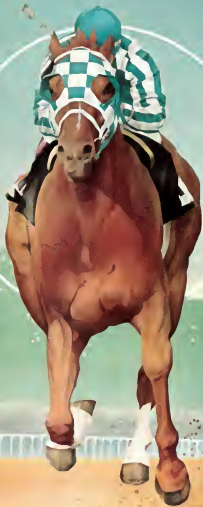
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When the world's greatest horsemen meet, it's a race to see who can win the most money.

coming of age

by MICHAEL RICH



This is a story about a horse, but it is also about the people around him, and the land, and the people who came to the land who built the barns and grew the grass and bought the feed, who searched the world for the finest blooded horses and bought them when they found them, who chose the mares and bred the studs and raised the horses and flipped the coins and crossed their fingers—always hoping for the best, the fastest animal on earth. There is much room for outrageous luck in the breeding of racehorses, but there is also some crawl space for shrewdness and work, and sometimes, with enough of that, things come together in the end. As they did that night.

It was almost midnight in Virginia, late for the farmlands north of Richmond, when the hour came—when the phone rang in Howard Gentry's home and two men were out the front door, hastily crossing the lawn to the car. They climbed in, forcing the doors to against the cold, and swung out the driveway onto the deserted road. They took off north. It was one of those hours when time is measured not by clocks but by uterine contractions, and the intervals between were getting shorter. Not far away, in a small wooden barn, beneath a solitary light, a mare was about to give birth. The men were rushing toward the barn to help her.

Howard Gentry had been manager of the Meadow Stud in Dowell for 20 years. Beside him was Raymond White Wood, a longtime friend and neighbor, for years Gentry's companion at straight pool, a railroad conductor by occupation and himself a modest breeder of thoroughbred horses. It was the night of March 29, 1970, not the kind of night to leave the velvet green of a pool table, with its friendly click and spin of conversation, to rush outdoors, but Gentry was anxious. Down in Barn 17A, the two-stall foaling barn near the western border of

the farm, an aging broodmare named Somethingroyal was going into labor for the 14th time in her 18 years. And she was carrying a foal by Bold Ruler, the preeminent sire in America.

While Bold Ruler had become a champion progenitor of the species, probably the greatest in American history, Somethingroyal had made a mark as one of its most important mares. She was the kind of mare that breeders seek to found families and raise dynasties. She was already the dam of Sir Gaylord, a most gifted racehorse, the colt favored to win the 1962 Kentucky Derby until he broke down the day before the race.

So Howard Gentry would remember that he felt anxious, more so than usual, to be done with it, to get the foal delivered. He thought about the equipment and wondered if it was all there—the en-

ema, the cup, the iodine and the antibiotics. He had told Bob Southworth to look in on the mare, but Southworth was not the regular night watchman and Gentry hoped he had called in time.

Gentry stopped the car about 100 feet from the barn and he and Wood cut across the wet grass. Gentry looked into the stall and walked quietly inside. Somethingroyal was breathing quickly, her nostrils flared. She was walking the stall. She seemed on edge, nervous. Gentry felt her neck and shoulder. She was warm and sweating slightly.

He left the stall, checking for the iodine, the enema, the cup for the iodine and the bowl for the water to wash the nipples for the suckling foal. The three men waited at the door, watching the old mare pace, circling as if caged, and spoke idly in unremembered conversations.



At midnight Somethingroyal stopped pacing and lay down, collapsing on the bed of straw. Gentry slipped on his rubber gloves and dropped to his knees beside her. Her water bag broke, spilling fluid. Any moment now, the foal.

The tip of the left foot appeared first, and Gentry waited for the other. In a normal birth, the front feet come out together, the head between the legs, so Gentry watched for the other foot. And then he decided to wait no longer. He feared the leg might be folded under, or twisted, positions that could cause injury to the shoulder under the extreme pressures of birth, so he reached his arm inside the vagina and felt the head, which was in a good position. He dropped his hand down to the right leg and felt for the hoof. He found it curled under, as he had thought, so he uncured it gently, bringing the leg out. "Won't be long now," he said to Wood.

Somethingroyal pushed, paused, panted, and pushed again, and Gentry guided but did not pull the legs, not yet. He always waits for the shoulder to emerge before pulling. The legs came out together, then the head, with a splash of white down the face. Finally the shoulders emerged. The mare paused and Gentry took the front legs and waited for her to rest, always letting her lead the dance, push and relax, push and relax.

It was a good-sized foal. Gentry called Wood to his side. They pulled together for several moments. As the foal came out and Gentry saw the size of the shoulders and the size of the bones, he feared that it might have hips so wide they would have trouble clearing the opening. When the rib cage cleared, Gentry guided the hips, the mare needing help.

Then he was out, lying on the bed of straw, and the mare was panting and sweating and Gentry was asking Southworth for the cup of iodine. Southworth broke the umbilical by pulling the foal around to the mare's head so she could lick him, and Gentry cauterized the wound with iodine. He then gave the foal four cc's. of the antibiotics as a precautionary measure. Southworth rubbed him down with a dry towel to stimulate circulation of the blood. The colt was chestnut, with three white feet.

The Virginia of Caroline County, of

Meadow Stud, does not recall the Old South of cotton plantations and magnolias under moonlight and willow, straight-backed women drifting about the lawns and gardens of the Tidewater. Caroline County seems closer in spirit to Stephen Crane than Stephen Foster, a starker and less storybook Virginia than the mountains and the valleys, a place where old times are often just as well forgotten. It is tomato and melon country now, watermelons and muskmelons, and fields for grazing horses and cattle and cultivated stretches for corn and soybeans. It was not always so prosperous or so peaceful.

Set in a line between Washington and Richmond, The Meadow was once part of a neck of land that joined a nation with two heads. In consequence, the land and whatever civilization had been built on it came out of the Civil War years badly gored. The fighting began just 70 miles to the north, at Bull Run, and it ended not far to the southwest, at Appomattox Court House. The Morris family, living on The Meadow at the time, hid the family silver in the well.

The Chenerys and their relatives were the residents of The Meadow by the end

of the century, leading a hardscrabble existence. There was little money in the family until Christopher Tompkins Chenery became what he set out to be—a man of substance and horses and part of the landed gentry. As a young man he switched from engineering to finance and by the late 1920s had begun to climb to the presidency of a string of utility companies. He became wealthy quickly and moved to Pelham Manor, N.Y. Up North he founded the Boulder Brook Club, a riding club in Scarsdale. He played some polo. He hunted with the Golden Bridge Hounds. He had an office in Manhattan. And he sent his children to good schools. He was enough of a sentimentalist, though, to want to return to The Meadow someday, and in 1935 he did, on a trip to see a prospective boarding school for his daughter. Penny Chenery Tweedy would recall the day many years later. "I guess I expected a plantation with white pillars, but it was an unpainted, three-story, gaunt, old, stark wooden house," she said. "A mongrel dog lay under the porch, and chickens pecked around the steps."

Chris Chenery's car nosed into the yard. There was a silence, and Penny Tweedy recalls her father looking perplexed, then angry. He told his wife and daughter to remain in the car, that the house might be ridden with lice. He went inside, but did not stay long, and he said nothing when he came back to the car, started it up and drove to a house across the road.

There the Chenerys called on Hardenia Hunter Ferguson, a cousin. She had managed to hold on to her land even through the Depression, and she talked as if all the surrounding places would somehow come back to the family. Penny remembered, "She cocked her head almost coquettishly and said, 'Chris, don't those lovely elm trees arch prettily over the old house there? Such a pity it had to pass from family hands! That did it. To my mother's despair he bought The Meadow a year later."

The foal subsisted on Somethingroyal's milk for the first 35 days of his life. Then the youngster's regimen was supplemented with grain, preparing him for weaning; the mare was tied in the stall and

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the colt given small portions of crushed oats and sweet feed. He grew quickly as the summer passed, grew to the day when Christopher Cheney's executive secretary for 33 years, Elizabeth Ham, visited the farm and looked at the foals. Miss Ham noted in her log on July 28, 1970:

"Ch. c Bold Ruler—Somethingroyal
Three white stockings—well-made
Colt—Might be a little light under the
knees—Stands well on pasterns—Good
straight hind leg—Good shoulders and
hindquarters—You would have to like
him."

Summer cooled into October. The daily rations of the Bold Ruler colt were boosted periodically, up to five and finally to six quarts of grain a day by the time he was separated from Somethingroyal.

With autumn, too, came the time to name the weanlings. In this matter The Jockey Club rules are stringent. For example, a name cannot be that of a famous horse, the trademark of a product, the name of an illustrious or infamous person, alive or dead—and it cannot contain more than 18 characters, including punctuation. One name after another was submitted and rejected by The Jockey Club stewards. The Meadow sent in a total of six, two sets of three names each, for the colt.

The first choice in the first set was Scupper, a name that Penny Tweedy liked. The second, suggested by Miss Ham, was Royal Line. The third was Mrs. Tweedy's Something Special. All three were quickly rejected. The first name of the second set was Game of Chance, which Mrs. Tweedy suggested, as she did the second, Deo Volente, a name for which she had been trying to gain acceptance. Her maternal grandfather used to say, whenever he was planning to do something, that he would do it, "*Deo volente*," Latin for "God willing." (The stewards were not willing, no doubt because it used the name of an illustrious Being.)

Miss Ham suggested the third name on that list. She had once been the secretary of Norman Hezekiah Davis, a banker and diplomat who served in a number of ambassadorial posts for the United States, including that of chairman of the American delegation to the disarmament conference in Geneva, the home of the League of Nations' Secretariat.

Secretariat, Miss Ham thought, had a nice ring to it, and the name was sub-

mitted as the last on the second list. The following January the stewards advised The Meadow that the colt by Bold Ruler—Somethingroyal, by Princequillo, with the white star and stripe and the three white stockings, born on March 30, 1970, had been registered under the name of Secretariat.

Secretariat grew out above the match-stick legs, his ration of grain increasing from six quarts to seven, on to eight as he lengthened, heightened and widened through his yearling year of 1971.

That September a 2-year-old Meadow Stud colt named Riva Ridge raced to a handy victory in the \$75,000-added Futurity Stakes, and two days afterward the chief delegates from the stable victory party arrived at The Meadow. There were Penny Tweedy, Elizabeth Ham and a volatile little French Canadian, Lucien Laurin, Meadow stable's new trainer.

Three decades had passed since Laurin was ruled off the racetrack for alleged possession of an illegal battery in Rhode Island; since he galloped horses for Al-

This article is from the forthcoming book "Super Red," by William Nack, to be published by Arthur Fields Books.

fred Vanderbilt at Sagamore Farm; since Vanderbilt, believing in his innocence, had moved to have the ruling lifted. Laurin remembered that mediocre early career, with its painful moments and long winter and summer days under sheds from West Virginia, through New England and Canada. It was a difficult circuit; low purses, sore and crippled horses banished from Long Island, small tracks, living from day to day.

Laurin was born about 50 miles north of Montreal, in St. Paul, Quebec, a town in which he did not stay long. He left school early to work at Delorimer Park, a half-mile oval in Montreal where he first exercised horses and finally, in 1929, he became a jockey. He was moderately successful, reaching his professional zenith when he rode Sir Michael to victory in the King's Plate in 1935. His career as a rider finally took him to that summer morning in 1938 when he walked into the jockeys' room at Narragansett Park, took off his jacket, hung it behind him and sat down to play a game of cards.

"The next thing I know, they said, 'The steward wants to see you downstairs,'" Laurin remembers. "And I said, 'For what?'" He got to his feet and went downstairs, into the office of one of the stewards. The steward put the battery device on the table in front of him and said, "What are you doing with this in your pocket?"

It was hopeless. Laurin would later insist that he was framed, that the battery was planted in his jacket, that he had an idea who did him in but would not say who. His voice still carries an exasperated edge when he talks of it. "I was playing cards and somebody put it in my pocket. That's the truth," he says.

Now he was 60 years old, with silver hair and elfish grin and traces of his heritage in his voice. He had come a long way from that black day in 1938, building steadily, if unspectacularly, a reputation as a shrewd conditioner of the thoroughbred horse. From Delorimer Park in Canada he had found his way to Aqueeduct, Belmont Park and Saratoga and ended up making a substantial living on that most competitive racing circuit in America. And here he was at Chris Cheney's farm in northern Virginia, with Riva Ridge, a potential champion, in his barn back at Belmont Park. In all the years Laurin trained, he had never had a champion 2-year-old colt with a shot at the Derby, the ability to win the Triple Crown—the big horse. Now, at the twilight of his training career, he had Riva Ridge, and he was standing with Mrs. Tweedy and Miss Ham looking at next year's Meadow 2-year-olds when Secretariat was led toward the gathering. In the notes she took that day Penny Tweedy wrote under Secretariat's name, "Big (turns out left front—LL), good home, a bit swaybacked—very nice—lovely smooth gait." LL meant Lucien Laurin, but if the colt's left fore did turn out slightly and he was a trifle swaybacked (he quickly grew out of both conditions), Secretariat raised Laurin's eyebrows.

"Mr. Laurin," the man at the colt's head said. "This is the horse that will make you forget Riva Ridge."

All Secretariats had in the beginning was the look of an athlete, and Lucien was wary of appearances. In his years on

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coming of age *continued*

the racetrack he had seen too many equine jocks come and go; to Laurin, Secretariat at this stage was just another untried thoroughbred.

As a youngster Secretariat did not awe the clockers at Hialeah, either. There were no quarter-mile workouts in :22 seconds, no leveling off into a flat run, all business, from the quarter pole at the top of the stretch to the wire—no such heady flights.

Ron Turcotte was with Lucien Laurin one morning at Hialeah, just outside the shed, when four 2-year-olds were led from the barn and began circling them, grooms holding the bridles. It was just a passing comment in a passing moment, as Turcotte would recall it later.

"Want to get on him?" said Lucien, as Secretariat walked past.

"Sure, love to."

Turcotte jumped aboard Secretariat that morning for the first time, guiding him out to the racetrack with the others, in Indian file, turning right, counter-clockwise, on the dirt track. Laurin told them to let the youngsters gallop easily, side by side, in a schooling exercise designed to accustom them to other horses running next to them. The four colts took off at a slow gallop around the mile-and-an-eighth oval, galloping abreast. The

riders stood high in the saddles, going easily. Secretariat seemed almost lachrymose. The red horse plopped along in casual indifference, his head down, a big, awkward, clumsy colt, Turcotte remembers. Galloping past the palm trees and the infield lake, Jockey Miles Neff, riding Twice Bold, reached his stick over and slapped Turcotte on the rump. "When-ew!" yelled Turcotte. Laughter on the backstretch. Charlie Davis was riding inside on All or None, and Turcotte leaned over and jabbed Davis in the rear with his stick and Davis almost went over All or None, screaming. This was not all intended for fun. Exercise boys do it to get young horses accustomed to quick movement, to shouts and to noise. A horse race is not a quiet affair.

The colt next to Secretariat drifted out and banged against him, and the red horse countered with a grunt.

"Ummpphhhh..."

He didn't alter course, just drifted back and took up the same path he'd been on before the bumping. "He was just a big likable fellow," Turcotte said. Then the colt came out again, sideswiping him a second time—"Ummpphhhh..."

Confidence did not come easily to this young red horse. There was the morning in late February when Laurin boosted Turcotte up on Secretariat for a quarter-mile workout, not an easy gallop but a speed drill, with three other young colts—Gold Bag, Twice Bold and Young Hitter. It was time to teach them how to run, how to level out and reach for ground, something all horses have to learn.

"No race riding, boys!" Lucien called to the four as they walked their horses to the racetrack that morning, through Sunny Fitzsimmons Lane and out the quarter-mile bend under the spanking brightness of the morning. "No race riding! We're schooling them today. Stay head and head." The riders reached the track and circled it, around the turn at a gallop abreast. They headed for the three-eighths pole, then pulled to a stop, lining up still abreast, and walked several yards together. They wanted to start all at once. They clucked to their horses and went into a jog, picking up speed slowly, slowly, slowly...

Nearing the quarter pole, the four riders chirped again, and the horses started

leveling and reaching out, bodies lower to the ground. Twice Bold, Gold Bag and Young Hitter accelerated rapidly, gathering up the pace from an easy gallop to a run as they raced past the quarter pole and entered the straight.

Turcotte picked up Secretariat's reins and clucked at him, not yelling, trying to give the horse a feel for the game. He sensed a bewilderment in the colt. He gathered Secretariat together, gave him time to steady himself and get his legs under him. They finally somehow synchronized, but the other three colts had already blown away from him. Turcotte saw the more precocious horses far up the track as Secretariat battled along and started to find himself.

They dusted Secretariat easily that morning, beating him by about 15 lengths and racing the quarter mile down the lane in 23 seconds. Secretariat finished in about 26 seconds. He was no Bold Ruler, and Turcotte recalls the feeling of awkwardness: "He just didn't know what it was all about. I asked him and he was plain confused. Didn't know which leg to put down first."

Periodically, as Secretariat worked out in Florida, Penny Tweedy asked Lucien about the red horse, and he hardly reflected buoyant hope.

"He hasn't shown me much," Lucien would say.

Or, "He's not ready. I have to get the fat off him first."

Or, "I have to teach him to run. He's big, awkward and doesn't know what to do with himself."

Secretariat was beaten more than once in training sessions that winter at Hialeah. Gold Bag beat him again. So did Twice Bold and the filly, All or None. So did a colt named Angle Light. He wasn't beaten by 15 lengths again, but he did keep on losing. Laurin avoided telling Penny Tweedy that other horses were trouncing Secretariat in the mornings.

The accident happened in mid-April, on a gray, wet morning when the track was mire. It occurred shortly after Apprentice Jockey Paul Feliciano, under contract to Lucien, hopped aboard Secretariat for a routine gallop. Feliciano had his feet out of the stirrups, dangling them at Secretariat's side, when Laurin spotted him. Lucien raised his voice in warning.

continued



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coming of age *continued*

"Put your feet in the irons!" he yelled. "Be careful with that horse! Don't take no chances . . . he plays, and he'll drop you, I swear to God."

Feliciano's feet rose into the stirrups, which he was wearing too short, and someone dimly recalls Laurin calling, "Drop your irons!" What Laurin wanted Feliciano to do was lengthen his stirrups for greater balance.

The horses moved from the stable area toward the training track, and Laurin followed in his station wagon. Secretariat and the other horses walked onto the muddy surface and began, one by one, to take off at a slow gallop. Feliciano, his reins loose, guided Secretariat near the outside rail and stood up in the saddle as the colt cantered through the long stretch toward the clocker's shed, passed it and began heading into the first bend. It happened fast, but Feliciano spoke almost in stop action about it later. He heard a horse working to his left, on the rail, his hooves splashing and slapping at the mud as he drilled past.

"I heard the noise. It was a split-second thing. He stopped, propped, wheeled and turned left, and I knew what was going to happen . . . I think he knew I was going off, too, was already slipping, because he turned around from under me. I landed on my face."

Secretariat, riderless, head and tail up, reins flapping, took off clockwise around the racetrack, racing the wrong way back toward the gap from which he had come. Laurin saw him and in an instant was speeding back. Asked if they shouldn't pick up Paul, who was lying in the mud, Lucien snapped, "Let him lie in the mud!"

The car zipped into the stable area. Laurin saw Secretariat standing there, as calm as if he were waiting for a taxi-cab. Lucien's companion climbed from the car and walked carefully toward Secretariat, who stood looking at him curiously. The man reached out and grabbed the reins, and Laurin immediately took off for the barn, leaving him to walk Secretariat home.

Meanwhile, Paul Feliciano, 20, born and raised on Union Street in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn, lifted his face from the mud at the seven-eighths pole of the training track and started walking around the oval toward the barn area. He did not want to return to Barn Five

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and the morning bustle of stablehands, with Secretariat arriving riderless at the shed, with Lucien Laurin waiting for him there. He feared Laurin. Other things had happened since he had come to work for Lucien that year at Hialeah. The headstrong Gold Bag had run off with him, as he had with other riders, and Laurin had ranted at him. Paul had not forgotten the incident. And had no illusions as to what Lucien would say this time. "I knew what was going to happen when I got back to the barn," he said. "I was thinking I didn't want to go back. But I knew I had to."

It was a 10-minute walk. By then Secretariat was standing in his stall, with blankets stacked up on his back, the back wrenched and his muscles tied up so badly that he couldn't move. Secretariat would not leave the barn for almost two weeks.

"That son of a gun ain't worth a quarter!" Laurin raved to one stablehand Paul arrived shortly after Laurin's comment about him.

He would remember only bits and pieces of the ensuing tirade. "You better listen to me, young man!" Lucien told him. "You better pay attention when you're on those horses! Wake up!"

Turning away, Laurin said to him, "I want to see you in my office."

On the screened-in porch at the top of the staircase by the office, Feliciano stood and listened for five minutes as Laurin reproached and reproved him. Finally he said, "You come by in the morning and pick up your contract and your check."

"What could I do?" Paul pleaded. "He stopped when that other horse came by and I lost my balance."

It was no use. Feliciano was fired, and that was that.

Of course, Laurin had told him the same thing after Gold Bag had run away with him and the next day acted as if nothing had happened. But this time, Feliciano thought, he had raised such hell, seemed so angry, that he must be dead serious. Despondent and confused, Feliciano took that home with him. He believed that Laurin had given him a good chance to ride all but his best horses, had been generous and given him five mounts, not bums. Now that was finished, and with it a good chance to make it as a jockey.

The following morning Feliciano

walked under the shed of Barn Five, coming early to pick up his contract. Lucien, arriving about seven, came into the shed telling his assistant trainer which exercise boy to put on what horse. He looked at Paul standing there waiting for his contract. "Put Paul on that one to gallop," Lucien said matter-of-factly.

And that was the last Feliciano heard of it.

Jim Gaffney, an exercise boy for more than two decades and an employee in mutuels for 12 years, went to work for The Meadow stable while Secretariat was getting over the cramped muscles suffered the day he backed out from under Feliciano. It was Gaffney who rode Secretariat his first day back on the track. He had been warned of the colt's trick of ducking to the left after pulling up from a gallop, the curtsy he had executed so beautifully with Paul two weeks before.

Secretariat walked to the training track that morning and stood for several seconds, looking to the left and right. Gaffney did not hurry him. He let him stand there and watch the morning bustle.

Walking off toward the clocker's shed, Secretariat ducked left, but Gaffney, riding with long stirrups, stuck with him. The colt had been confined for a few weeks and he was feeling his unburned oats, he galloped off strongly, pulling hard on the bit. Every day Gaffney gave him more rein. After several days the colt relaxed and, as he had done at Hialeah, he started plopping along easily.

Secretariat soon stopped ducking to the left. Gaffney had put a special bit with a prong on its left side in the colt's mouth, and had worked for days on the problem, exerting pressure on the right line every time the colt started to dip.

Gaffney grew to believe, weeks before the horse ever took a competitive step on a racetrack, that he was special. His whole morning at the racetrack began to revolve around Secretariat. He rode the red horse steadily, building the animal up in his own mind, telling stablehands of the youngster's extraordinary future, boasting about him to grooms and hot-walkers and even to his wife Mary over breakfast. "He was like a third child to Jimmy," said Mary Gaffney.

Gaffney told his mother about the colt, too, detailing for her all his manifold gifts. She responded by knitting a pom-

mel pad (inserted as protection under the front of the saddle) with Secretariat's name knitted in blue across a white background. And Gaffney purchased two white saddle cloths and took them to a woman who did needlework. He paid her \$24 to stitch SECRETARIAT into the section that is visible below the rear of the saddle. Finally, he took one of Lucien's exercise saddles home, the saddle he always used when he rode the colt, and hammered SECRETARIAT into it, giving the letters a scriptural flourish.

The red horse returned to serious work on May 18, when he went three-eighths of a mile in :37 seconds, yet no one but a few clockers, Meadow stablehands and avid horseplayers paid any attention to it. Laurin had his mind on Riva Ridge and the Preakness Stakes, the second race in the Triple Crown series. (Riva Ridge had won the Derby, but the colt, with Turcotte up, finished fourth in the Preakness on a muddy track. On June 10 Riva Ridge would cruise to the front at the beginning of the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes and win by seven lengths. But the Triple Crown would have to wait for Secretariat.)

The red horse grew in strength through May and June and was beginning to learn how to run. On June 6, three days before Riva Ridge's Belmont Stakes, Secretariat wore blinkers for the first time and went half a mile in :47½ seconds, the fastest half-mile work in his life.

On June 15, with the blinkers, Secretariat worked from the starting gate and dashed five-eighths of a mile in 1:00½ seconds. On June 24, on a sloppy track, the official clockers for the *Daily Racing Form* noted that Secretariat's 1:12½ seconds for six furlongs was the fastest workout at the distance that morning. (The clockers themselves had come a long way since the horse's first appearance in Florida, when they spelled his name "Secretarial.")

That day Lucien called Penny Tweedy and asked her if she would come to Aqueduct, saying that he wanted her to see Secretariat run his first race.

"I think he's finally coming around," he said. They decided to enter the colt in a race on July 4, an \$8,000 maiden event for colts and geldings at 5½ furlongs, with the start on the backstretch gear the far turn.

continued

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The red horse's ability was no secret now. Sweep, the nom de plume for *Daily Racing Form* handicapper Jules Schanzler, advised his readers on July 4, "Secretariat, a half-brother to Sir Gaylord, appears greatly advanced in his training. The newcomer by Bold Ruler stepped 6 furlongs in 1:12½ over a sloppy Belmont course June 24 and such outstanding speed entitles him to top billing."

Feliciano was to be up, and since he was still an apprentice, Secretariat was allowed to carry 113 pounds, five pounds less than the other maidens in the race. That weight allowance was the only break he had all day.

Members of The Meadow stable bet with both hands, most of it on the red horse's nose, but not Gaffney. He did not think Feliciano liked the colt or had enough confidence in him.

Lucien was sitting in a box seat with Penny Tweedy when the horses, in single file, walked past the grandstand in the post parade and then turned and broke into warmup gallops. It was nearing two o'clock. There was a wind blowing south out of Queens, south against the horses walking to the starting gate up the backstretch, south toward Kennedy International Airport across the highway, south toward Jamaica Bay. Bettors, some already moving toward the rail on the homestretch, were busy making Secretariat the tepid \$3.10-to-\$1 favorite.

Big Burn, Jockey Braulio Baeza on him, stepped into post position one. An assistant starter took hold of Secretariat—the colt was wearing his blue-and-white checkered blinkers—and led him into post two. The door slammed shut behind him. Feliciano patted the youngster on the neck and waited. It was 2:02. Strike the Line stood in gate three next to Secretariat. Jacinto Vasquez sat on Quebec in post four. It was nearing 30 seconds after 2:02.

Dave Johnson, the track announcer, looked through his binoculars toward the starting gate and clicked on the lever of the loudspeaker sys-

tem. "It is now post time," said Johnson.

It came all at once—the break, the sounds and the collision. The gates crashed open and the bell screamed and the horses vaulted upward and came down in a bound, Secretariat breaking sharply through in one, two, three strides. Quebec sliced across Strike the Line, and Vasquez hollered, but there was nothing that anyone could do; Quebec had slammed into Secretariat, not sideways in a grazing blow but almost perpendicularly, plowing into his right shoulder. Like a fullback struck on his blind side as he drives up the middle, Secretariat staggered and veered to the left, crashing into Big Burn. For several moments it appeared as if the red horse had two tacklers hanging on him, as if he were trying to grind out yardage with Quebec and Big Burn leaning on him and trying to bring him down. Secretariat's legs were chopping savagely, and Feliciano heard him groaning as he worked to regain his balance. He straightened out, but he was in 11th place, next to Strike the

Line. Then Secretariat began digging, trying to pick up speed as they headed for the turn, 300 yards ahead. He was not getting with it as fast as the others.

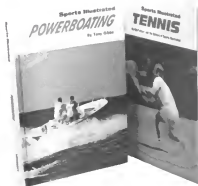
The horses were strung out as they approached the turn, and Secretariat started drifting. Moving to the bend, he seemed confused, and he wavered momentarily to the right, bumping a roan called Rove. Feliciano took back on the left rein, leaving the right line flapping, and the red horse leaned left to make the bend. There was nothing else Feliciano could do. Everything was going wrong.

There was no place to run on the inside, with Jacques Who lapped on him there, and the rail clogged up in front. Horses were pounding on his right, leaving no room for Feliciano to swing Secretariat out and get him rolling in the clear. A wall of four horses was shifting around in front of him. He had only two horses beaten as he raced for the ½th pole midway around the turn for home, and he had nowhere to go. The colt started to run up a hole opening in front of him, but that squeezed shut, too. He was working to get with it, as if looking for the holes himself.

Secretariat was a Cadillac in a traffic jam of Chevrolets and Datsuns. But Lucien Laurin, watching the break from the side, had missed the crunch at the start. He was astounded. The red horse had always broken well in

his morning trials, not slowly, like this, and then foundering. As the field made the bend for the straight, passing the ½th pole, Count Successor was in the lead, Knightly Dawn beside him, Master Achiever third, and Herbulb on the outside fourth. The pace was brisk for 2-year-olds, and Secretariat was about 10 lengths behind. As they came into the stretch, it appeared for a moment as though Feliciano were going to swing the colt to the outside. But, almost running up on other horses' heels, the jockey had to check





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him abruptly. Nearing the 31st pole, Secretariat suddenly veered on a sharp diagonal to the left, lunging for space as it opened on the rail, and took off. He was a youngster looking for spots, looking and moving for running room. Daylight in front of him, horses on the outside of the rail, Feliciano drove Secretariat down the lane. He was not riding a quitter. Secretariat, gaining, passed a tiring Knightly Dawn, and then Jacques Who. He was gathering momentum, picking up speed, cutting into Master Achiever's lead in bounds—eight lengths, to seven and then to six as Master Achiever raced for the wire. He cut the lead to five lengths, then to 4½, then to four as he bowed the 16th pole. He was in the hunt and Feliciano was asking him for more steam, reaching back and strapping him once right-handed.

A small hole opened between Master Achiever and the rail, and Feliciano drove the colt toward it. With ground running out, Secretariat was now running faster than all the others, cutting the lead to three lengths, to two lengths as the wire loomed, then to a length and a half. Suddenly the hole on the rail closed as Master Achiever came over, and as the wire swept overhead Feliciano had to stand up and take Secretariat back to prevent him from running up Master Achiever's heels. He had closed about eight lengths on the leaders in a powerful run through the stretch, but he finished fourth, a length and a quarter behind Herhull, to earn \$480, his first purse. "He gave me three runs that day! Three!" Feliciano said later. But as he crossed the finish line the first thought that came to Paul's mind was, "Boy, I'm going to catch hell."

Down in the box seats, Penny Tweedy smiled as she saw the colt race under the wire—she, too, was unaware of the collision—and turned and told Lucien, "Gee, that's pretty good for a first start."

Laurin jumped from his chair in the box, kicked it and growled, "He should never have been beaten!" His reaction startled Penny. Lucien had told her only that he thought she ought to be there for the colt's first start, not that he was so certain the colt would win. There had been nothing of the sort, only that his workouts had impressed the trainer and that he appeared to be coming along.

Feliciano pulled the colt to a halt at

continued



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the bend, turned him around, clucked to him and galloped slowly back to the unsaddling area by the paddock scale, where jockeys weigh in after a race. As he returned he looked over his left shoulder toward the paddock and saw precisely what he expected to see: Lucien standing there waiting for him.

Paul climbed down from Secretariat, thinking what he would say to Lucien, preparing himself. All he could do, he thought, was tell the truth.

Feliciano weighed in, handed the saddle and pads to a valet and went to Lucien, who waved a scolding finger in Paul's face. "You sure as hell messed that one up!" he said. Feliciano would recall later that Laurin was yelling loudly and that it was embarrassing, with all those people standing around. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Laurin . . . I had all sorts of trouble."

Later that day, when Feliciano walked into the paddock to ride another horse for Laurin, he saw the trainer smiling at him. Quietly, Lucien apologized, saying he had seen the films. He hadn't known about the battering Feliciano and Secretariat had taken at the start, he said.

Even so, it surprised Paul when he picked up a list of entries days later and saw, for the fourth race on July 15, a three-quarter-mile sprint for colts and geldings: "Secretariat . . . Feliciano, P."

Handicapper Jules Schurser said of Secretariat on July 15 in the *Daily Racing Form*, "Secretariat turned in a remarkable performance after being badly sloshed at the start of his rough recent preview. The half-brother to Sir Gayford turned on full steam after settling into his best stride and was devouring ground rapidly through the stretch run. Today's added distance is a plus factor that can help him leave the maiden ranks." Nor did the betters abandon Secretariat, sending him off as the \$1.30-to-\$1 favorite over Master Achiever.

When Feliciano met with Lucien in the paddock before the race, they spoke only briefly. "Don't do like you did last time," Laurin said. "Just stay out of trouble and let him run. He shouldn't get beat." So Feliciano was rehearsing what he would do to keep Secretariat in the clear. He decided he wouldn't rush him, even if he broke slowly, but rather let him settle into stride and move when he pulled it all together.

At 3:09, into stall No. 1 moved Fleet 'n Royal, the colt who had finished third, a nose in front of Secretariat on July 4. An assistant starter took Secretariat's rein on the left side and led him into stall No. 8, to the outside of Jacques Who and to the inside of Bet On It, a gelding with a quick turn of foot. The instant before the red horse stepped into the starting gate Feliciano reached to his forehead and pulled a pair of plastic goggles over his eyes. Secretariat gave no signs of nervousness at the post. He stood relaxed inside the gate, looking casually ahead.

Starter George Cassady, standing atop a platform about 10 yards in front of the gate, watched for the moment when the heads stopped turning, when the legs stopped dancing and the horses waited as one in the gate. At 3:09½ he pressed the button, the gates popped open and the 11 horses bounded forth.

Secretariat broke alertly, but almost immediately fell back to last, half a length behind Jacques Who. As others barreled for the lead, beginning to string out, he trailed the field. (This dilatory start, like others to come, gave rise to the false notion that the battering he took in his first race had made Secretariat timid at the break.)

Now he was pumping and driving, trying to move with the field, digging and pushing and reaching for whatever ground he could grab, but he was not getting there as fast as the others.

Feliciano sensed the colt was having no easy time, so he sat tight as they raced for the bend, not reaching back and strapping him, not holdding. Instead, he pumped with his arms, in rhythm with the stride, asking for whatever the colt could give.

Through that first quarter mile Feliciano was wondering whether Secretariat would ever find his stride, and all he could do was keep him to the outside, clear of traffic, and wait. He began to worry after the first furlong, with only five furlongs to go and still no horse running beneath him.

Then as the field raced for the turn Paul began to feel it happening. A coming together of stride and movement, a kind of leveling out and "smoothing," which retired exercise boy Jimmy Weinman once described, in tones of reverence, as "... the odd-

est thing . . . a horse, he's in first gear and then he's in fourth gear, and it's sort of like flying, taking off. It's the oddest thing."

Feliciano remembers clearly that sudden sense of Secretariat running easily, the feeling of power being generated beneath him. Heading for the quarter pole, Paul felt the momentum, the thrust into another gear. "He was running faster and faster and faster." Sitting still, Feliciano rode the surge.

Secretariat was on the outside, moving past Perilous Serenade and Monetary Crisis and Scantling and Fleet 'n Royal. He was still almost seven lengths behind, but by the time the field was midway around the turn Secretariat had bounded past Irish Flavor and was moving six horses wide, choo-chooing toward home. He was a running horse with nothing in front of him now but running room, moving on his left lead as he swung around horses. Paul was like a fighter swarming in.

"I knew I was a winner. I knew it then," he said.

Nearing the stretch Secretariat passed Inproptus, and entering the straight he had Jacques Who measured, coming to him at the 16th pole. He drove past Master Achiever and went after Bet On It as the leader neared the eighth pole. He was half a length behind, then head and head, and then he had the lead.

The crowd was shouting. Feliciano reached back and hit Secretariat once as he got to the front, and then hand-rode him as he led Bet On It half a length with a furlong to go, as he increased his lead to two and three lengths passing the 16th pole, and finally to four and to five and to six lengths as he raced under the wire.

Feliciano stood up in the stirrups and felt the sweet elation flowing as he galloped toward the clubhouse turn, eased back on his reins and brought the red horse to a stop.

Secretariat's winning purse was only \$4,800, but it was the promise of what was to come. This was a son of Bold Ruler from a Princequillo mare, and he had run as though he knew he had a future. Up in the press box a Baltimore turf writer named Clem Florio jumped to his feet as Secretariat crossed the line. Turning to a colleague, Florio said loudly, "That's my Derby horse for next year!"

Everyone heard him.

END

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His "Long-long" cigarettes send the smoke so far, it carries an overnight bag. **3.** No. He's Stu Meek-Pump. Makes all see trips "by rail." He even gets seasick watching his shorts go around in the laundromat. His cigarettes have so much charcoal in the filter, he's had to join the miners' union. **4.** Right. He's here to catch fish—not the latest fads and gimmicks. Wants no nonsense in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Hottest tobacco. **5.** He's the cook. Phil Laysol. His meals are so bad, African pygmies come to dip arrows in his soup. **6.** & **7.** No and no. They're porpie and bess.

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Pat Putnam's article on Bill Walton (*That's No Way to Talk to Teacher*, Oct. 14), was unfair. It sounded as though Putnam actually expected Walton would be able to overpower Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

No veteran center has ever dominated Kareem, so how can anyone expect Walton, after only four pro exhibition games, to handle him?

It is going to take a long time before Bill Walton turns into a superstar. I hope the press doesn't judge him prematurely.

ALLAN MANDELL

Wilmette, Ill.

Sir:

Being a Bill Walton admirer and a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar hater, I predict that Walton will walk away with the NBA's rookie honors and will outduel Abdul henceforth. Although such a matchup will highlight the coming NBA season, another confrontation will also prove noteworthy: Bill Walton vs. Tom Burleson. Unselfish and winning attitudes seem to be inherent qualities of red-headed centers. After all, isn't it Dave Cowens, and not Jabbar, who pivots the NBA champions? In time Big Bill will also hold that distinction.

GEORGE R. WOODS

Tinker Air Force Base, Okla.

Sir:

Pat Putnam's story on Walton and Abdul-Jabbar was one of the most sensitive and delightful I have read in a long time. Walton has another fabulous career waiting for him on the stage when he finishes with basketball. There has not been such a fiendish, Mephistophelian leer since the days of John Barrymore.

RAY JOHNSON

Honolulu

Sir:

Bill Walton's attitude, personality and general way of life are already more professional than that of most established pros. Why do you continue to call him a student? He doesn't wear the clothes of a self-centered millionaire. He wants more out of life than money and prestige. Let me tell you, Bill

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19TH HOLE *continued*

Walton is sitting up there at the teacher's desk when class is in session on "How to be human and survive the NBA."

BRUCE HERBERT

Portland, Ore.

FOR SPORT'S SAKE

Sir:

Bravo for your Oct. 14 SCORECARD item on South Africa and the Davis Cup. I always wondered why South African athletes should be punished for their government's political leaning, and I've finally found someone with courage enough to come out and say it.

J. A. RONDEAU

Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

BODY BUILDING

Sir:

Congratulations to Dick Johnston for his superb article (*The Men and the Myth*, Oct. 14). Appealing to the hundreds of thousands of Americans interested in physical fitness, such an article was indeed long in coming but well worth the wait.

Johnston is to be commended for writing such an honest and unprejudiced account of the bodybuilding scene. I work out regularly with weights, and find the improvement in my health and overall appearance is worth the hours devoted to the iron game Johnston captures this all so well.

PETER W. ROBERTS

Pompano Beach, Fla.

WILT (CONT.)

Sir:

I refer to your article about Wilt Chamberlain, *My Impact Will Be Everlasting*, Oct. 7. Separate a child from the security and admiration of his contemporaries. Change the rules of a national sport to overcompensate for his talent. Editorially second-guess his wisdom and loyalty for not completing college to join a financially unsound black basketball team. Sell him from team to team and hire coaches that negate his main concentration, offensive basketball. Ignore the impact that his defensive skills have on the NBA record book.

To the average American, Wilt is an egotistical recalcitrant who has never realized his full potential, but if this is true, the above are obvious reasons. Wilt is the product of Watergate mentalities and a bad press, for he is a man of sacrifice. It is America that refuses to recognize his full accomplishments. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is to be commended for printing the personal opinions of a much-maligned man.

LEROY K. JOHNSON

Captain, USAF

Minot Air Force Base, N.Dak.

STANDING PAT

Sir:

I can't help detecting a trace of levity in Dan Jenkins' article (*A Parasitic Shout*, Oct.

continued

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16TH HOLE *continues*

14) on the New England Patriots. Is this intentional? Does Mr. Jenkins still deny that the Pats are for real?"

In the game today you rarely find a team with that good old Hoosier Sooner spirit. The only thing that many players get enthusiastic over is their paycheck. It's about time some spirit was instilled into the pros. My advice to Mr. Jenkins is to give credit and respect where they are due. The Pats are a team to be reckoned with.

ROBERT McFARLEY

Worcester, Mass.

Sir,

Perhaps the intellectuals "sitting around Harvard Square" are now starting to look up from their "Sanskrit" and "waterpipes," but we jumped up a month ago. We know who Jim Plunkett and Chuck Fairbanks are. So on Sundays books and Smithies are cast aside so that we may witness the Patriots' triumphant ride.

D. FULTON, D. HINDS, D. MITCHELL,
R. NORMAN, D. SHELBY

Amherst, Mass.

UNFAIR HARVARD

Sir,

In answer to your question, "Whatever happened to McGill?" in the SCOTIA CARDIEM (Oct. 7) on Harvard's football centenary, let me tell you McGill is doing fine. The Redmen were undefeated in Quebec last year, beat the western Canadian champions and lost their only game in the College Bowl, Canada's national college championship.

This year all the teams in the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union are wearing "1800" on their helmets to commemorate the centennial of football in North America. On Oct. 5 at the game against the University of Toronto the halftime show was a replay of the Harvard-McGill game of 1874.

ELIAN CHAMBERS

Montreal

Sir,

I read with great interest your report that Harvard now claims to have played the first football game. This assertion raises several questions which Mr. Cobane and the Harvard Football News might not like to answer.

First, where was Harvard last year when the NCAA held its football centennial celebration? Next, one might wonder where Harvard was in 1969, when Princeton and Rutgers played their centennial contest. I find it hard to believe that Mr. Cobane has spent five years researching this "amazing" discovery. Instead, I have an alternate thesis. Could the announcement possibly be the beginning of an insidious plot by the Cantabs to claim every first in the record book? Just think how much fun it would be to see Harvard after every entry. Better than that, you could simply condense the record book.

continued

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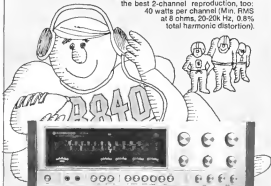
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19TH HOLE *illustrated*

to one sentence on one page. It would read: "Harvard, first to do everything."

KENNETH L. MOCH, '76

Princeton, N.J.

PAROLED

Sir,

The Crimmins, the varsity football team of Yuma High School, have been written about in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* because of their name and, more recently, their extended losing streak.

The streak is over! At El Centro, Calif the Crus beat EC 20-0. This was the first varsity win in 49 attempts.

Victory has returned to Yuma High.

NEIL JOHNSON

Yuma, Ariz.

CHASING RAINBOWS

Sir,

In the beautifully illustrated *Home Down Under* (Oct. 7), Robert F. Jones writes of the imported Russian River rainbows with which the famous New Zealand North Island fishery was started. These fish came from Russian River winter steelhead eggs shipped to the Auckland Acclimatization Society in 1883 from a hatchery on the Russian River run by the Great Western Railway Company.

We are trying our best to save the remnants of the once-famous Russian River steelhead runs here but, obviously, the fish are thriving better in New Zealand than in their native waters. This should tell you something about the dismal steelhead conservation record in California.

HAROLD L. JOSEPH, M.D.
Chairman, Steelhead Committee
California Trout

Vallejo, Calif.

RIGHT THERE IN CENTRAL CITY

Sir,

Regarding SEYMOUR'S (Oct. 7) mention of Central City, Colo. and Lew Cody, I should like to set the record straight. Having just returned from Denver and America's greatest sporting event—the 4th Annual Convention of the Beer Can Collectors of America, of which Mr. Cody was also a co-organizer—I must advise you that Mr. Cody has never said anything nervously. And the valiant postmaster of Central City, Max Robb, tells me it is impossible that a woman judge would be hit by a half-full can of beer. In Central City, only half-empty cans of beer are allowed.

JOHN ABBENS

Moorestown, N.J.

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TEN HIGH
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Almost Never on Sunday

In the early days of pro baseball, playing—or even watching—a game on the Sabbath was as reprehensible as calling a woman's limb a leg

Exorcising the demons of Sunday baseball during the 1890s seemed a clear and absolute necessity to many people. The nation stood at a moral crossroads, they argued, if America did not draw the line at Sunday baseball, the country's future would be downhill all the way. In Rome and numerous other hedonistic societies, "It can be shown by God's word that a man who breaks the Sabbath is a ruin to society," one minister threatened, "because no nation can prosper that does not respect it." Another described baseball as "moral leprosy" and added, "It is a traveling contagion that should be quarantined for the public good. The pleasure-seeking spirit weakens and destroys the nobler traits of character. It turns men into dudes and women into dandies."

All this difficulty arose not because of hedonism, but because the game was growing in popularity during an era when Sunday was the only day of leisure for many working men. Thoroughly aware of this vast untapped source of attendance, many enterprising owners and managers decided at about the same time to risk eternal perdition for larger crowds. Accordingly, they announced their intention of playing games on the Sabbath and hell—legal hell, at any rate—promptly broke loose.

One of the National League's first Sunday games was played in Baltimore's Anne Arundel Park between Baltimore and Washington on June 8, 1890, and from the very beginning it was possible to smell money. The park gates did not open until 1:30, but well before then thousands of fans were waiting to go inside. The first of many Baltimore and Ohio excursion trains arrived at 2:20, disgorging would-be spectators from packed coaches. By the time the players took the field at 3:30, nearly 9,000 fans—a huge crowd for the time—filled the wooden bleachers, and almost as many youngsters clustered around the 12-foot-high fence that separated the unholy

event from the rest of Anne Arundel County.

Two hours later the game ended in a 5-4 victory for Washington. No one had been struck by lightning during the contest, but the very next day the Sabbath Association of Maryland swung into action.

The message of SAM was clear: Sunday baseball was on the road to success. Before the entire public fell victim to its evil spell, the demon, as mentioned, would have to be exorcised.

The exorcist selected by SAM was James Armiger, the genial but methodical sheriff of Anne Arundel County. Immediately after the infamous Sunday ball game, Armiger consulted with Maryland State's Attorney J. M. Munroe and the pair of them located a statute that proclaimed, "no persons whatsoever shall work or do any bodily labor on the Lord's Day, commonly known as Sunday . . . works of charity and necessity always excepted . . . and any person transgressing this section and being thereof convicted before a justice of the peace shall forfeit \$5.00."

Armed with the terrible swift sword of Article 27, Section 247, Sheriff Armiger sallied forth on June 15, 1890. All eyes were upon him as he entered the ball park, but, to everyone's surprise, Armiger sat quietly in the press box from the beginning to the end of the contest. Then, and only then, did he approach Baltimore Manager William Barnie and inform him that he was under arrest.

Released on \$300 bail shortly afterward, Barnie announced that he had no intention of giving up Sunday baseball. He based his decision on the contention that baseball was entertainment, not work. After all, his lawyers claimed, other entertainment was available for Baltimoreans on Sunday. At Pompeian Park, for example, weren't there several grand exhibitions and cyclorama entitled "The Last Days of Pompeii"? And did not the steamers *Columbia*, *Emma*, *Lou-*

ise, *Clenton* and *Tolchester* regularly tour the bay with excursionists? Were the men who operated these displays and ships engaged in work or were they engaged in entertainment?

But the opposition was not impressed by this argument. More warrants were issued. Ministers railed against everyone connected with the Sabbath games, achieving new heights of hysteria in the process.

The following Sunday, Sheriff Armiger again strolled to the ball park, but this time he did not loiter in the press box until the contest was over. Instead, he walked directly onto the field after the first inning and served papers on Manager Barnie, following which he arrested a different Baltimore player after each inning. Simultaneously, D.C. police moved against the Washington club by arresting the secretary and levying a fine of \$2 per player, plus court costs. (The entire Washington bill came to \$47.50.) Farther north, 12 members of the Law and Order League of Irondequoit interrupted a game between Brooklyn and Rochester, trying to serve warrants. There, blows were freely exchanged until members of the Law and Order League started getting the worst of it. At that point, the latter righteously agreed to allow the game to resume, but only on the condition that "the players considered themselves under arrest at the expiration of play."

The following season, as city councils and state legislatures across the nation debated the issue, attacks on the moral leprosy were stepped up, a climax of sorts being reached on May 24, 1891 during a game between Cincinnati and Philadelphia. The Cincinnati Chief of Police marched onto the field with 60 officers, arrested the whole team and carried the players off to the station, where they were fined a total of \$5,400.

A happier story would end right here, with virtue triumphant. But as everyone knows, the disease of Sunday baseball, after a brief remission, succeeded in ravaging every major city in the nation. By the end of World War I, half a dozen cities had succumbed, and total disintegration had clearly set in by 1924, when Brooklyn opened its season not only on a Sunday, but on Easter Sunday.

As more than one minister warned before the turn of the century, America has not been the same since.

—GEORGE A. GUN



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